AUGUST 21, 1937

The Digest

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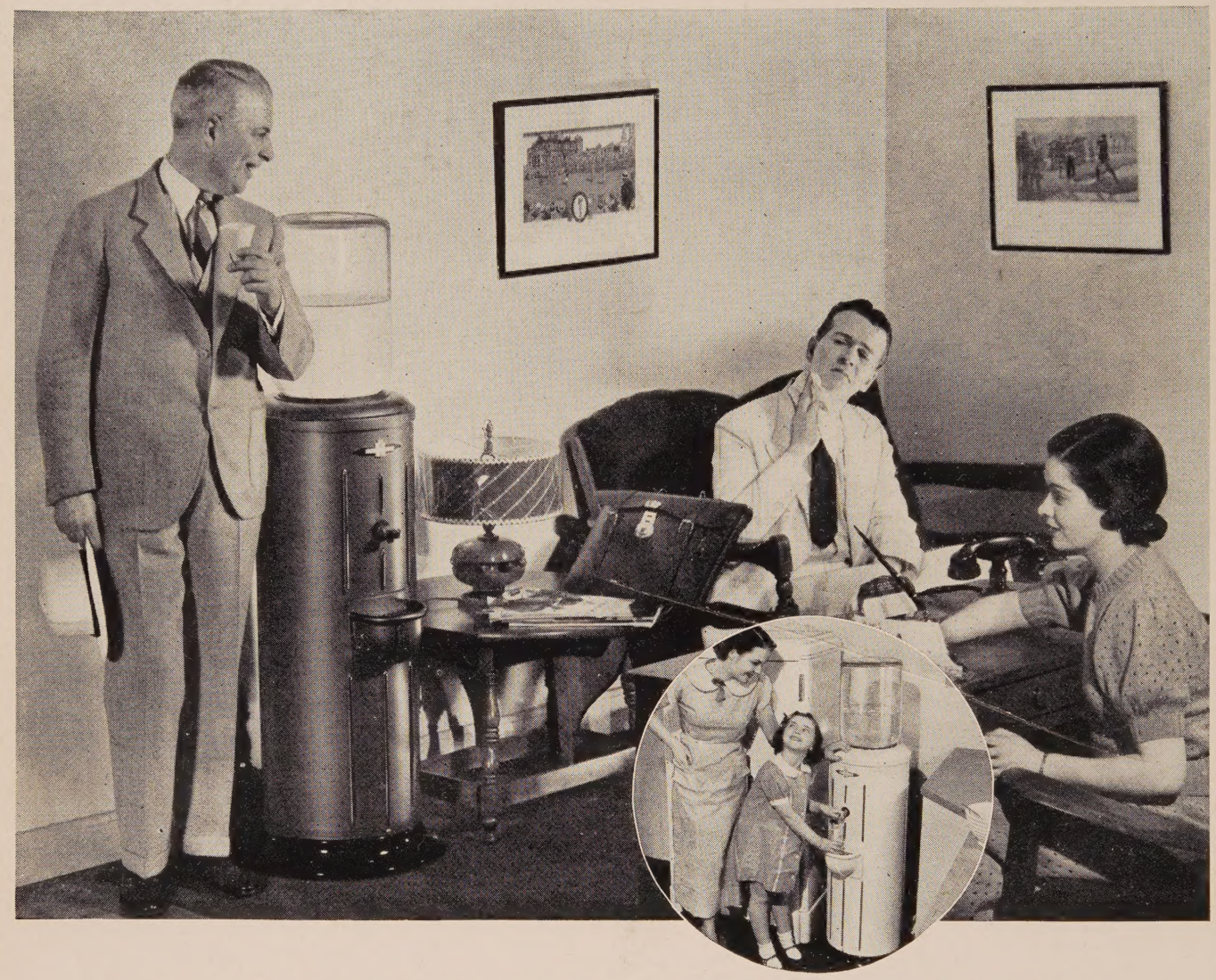

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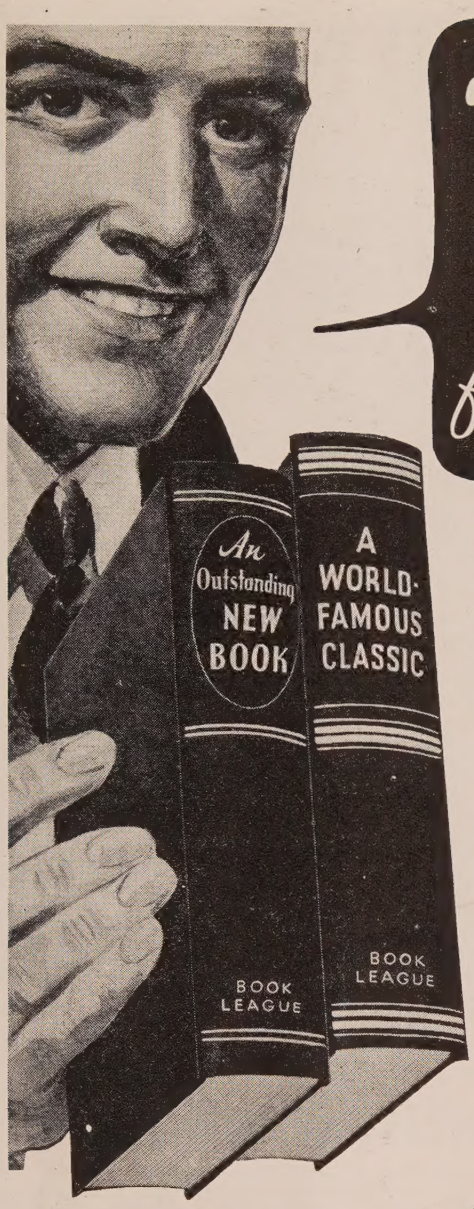

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Civil Service

Prescott, Arizona—Your magazine has successfully held to a high standard, which I can well imagine requires courage in these sensational days.

I am glad that you are doing so much to promote the extension of Civil Service, with adequate training, as in England. While not perfect, it would help to minimize this terrible spoils system and patronage.—*Kate T. Cory*

Court or Constitution?

Milwaukee, Wis.—The Court question is not really an important thing. Even the American Bar Association, who have been against the plan, advocated an increase in the number of judges some fifteen years ago, and changes have been made in the number of judges from time to time and will be made in the future. Roosevelt's opponents, who have nothing constructive to offer in connection with the problems that confront the country, feel that if they can defeat him on the Court plan by casting a halo over the Supreme Bench, they will stop him on many other questions that require legislation.

If democracy is to be preserved, we must have a new attitude towards our fundamental document. It must be made a living force in our industrial system. People who voted for Roosevelt are convinced that he does not aim at dictatorial powers for himself or for his successor, but is merely trying to make our constitution a living, functioning document, instead of merely a "dead hand."

If he succeeds, we shall escape the dictatorships that have been the lot of other nations; our legislative, judicial, and executive departments will coöperate to solve our problems in a peaceable manner. If he fails, and the constitution cannot be made to serve the needs of the people in the next crisis which is certain to come under our capitalistic system, a people harassed by the next depression will perhaps be compelled to vest some future president with absolute power as the only, though doubtful, means of escaping their misery.—*Bennett Larson.*

New Models

New York, N. Y.—In THE DIGEST for July 31 you say that "the first Seatrain was built in Europe for an American company in the late 1930's," and that it plied between New Orleans and Havana.

When Mr. Flagler, the late president of the Florida East Coast Railway, built the extension from Homestead to Key West in the first decade of the century, it was with the direct purpose of running Seatrain boats between Key West and Havana. I saw these boats loading at Key West and in operation in 1912, '13, '14, and '15. Since the wreck of the extension from the great hurricanes, a few years ago, this part of the road and its Seatrain extensions have been abandoned.—*E. W. Gudger.*

Dual Control

Montreal, Canada—I would like to draw your attention to the July 24th issue, in which on page 6, there is an article about the trans-Atlantic trials. I feel that Imperial Airways Ltd. has been somewhat left out, as it does not seem to be generally understood that this is a joint operation between the Pan American Airways and them. In other words, one company cannot act without the other, so any reference to the trial flights, etc., can only include both companies.

For your information, simultaneously with the Pan American Airways flight the flying-boat, *Caledonia,* flew to New York. I would also like to point out that the bases in Newfoundland are being constructed by the British Air Ministry.

You may be interested to know that the Imperial Airways flying-boat *Cambria* will leave on another survey flight from England July 29th, and the Pan American Airways *Clipper III* is leaving July 28th in the reverse direction—*Canadian.*

Teacher Meets Student

Port Royal, Pa.—I am a teacher, and as such was very much interested in your article "Cellar Clubs." The teachers in our country need information of the type given in this topic. We realize that the needs for a desirable social life among our young people is the prime function of education today.

Topics like "Cellar Clubs" would furnish the foundation for class discussion in our colleges, and give our teachers a better point of view as to the conditions existing among our young people today. —*P. K. Gerhart.*

Valued Subscriber

Washington, D. C.—I find THE DIGEST a very interesting publication.

Will you enter my subscription, and send the magazine and a bill to me at Val-Kill Cottage, Hyde Park, New York? —*Eleanor Roosevelt.*

The Digest

Review of Reviews incorporating The Literary Digest

ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR
Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher

AUGUST 21, 1937

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Vol. 1 No. 6

CONTENTS

Cover by Adolph Treidler

The Editor's Mail....2
Story of a Week....5
Pogrom of Art....9
Topics in Brief....10
People....11
China's Chances....12
Check-Off....16
Progress (Editorial)....19
Reading Around the World....20
Movie of the Week....26
Musical Horizon....28
Science and Medicine....30
Business....31
The Spice of Life....32

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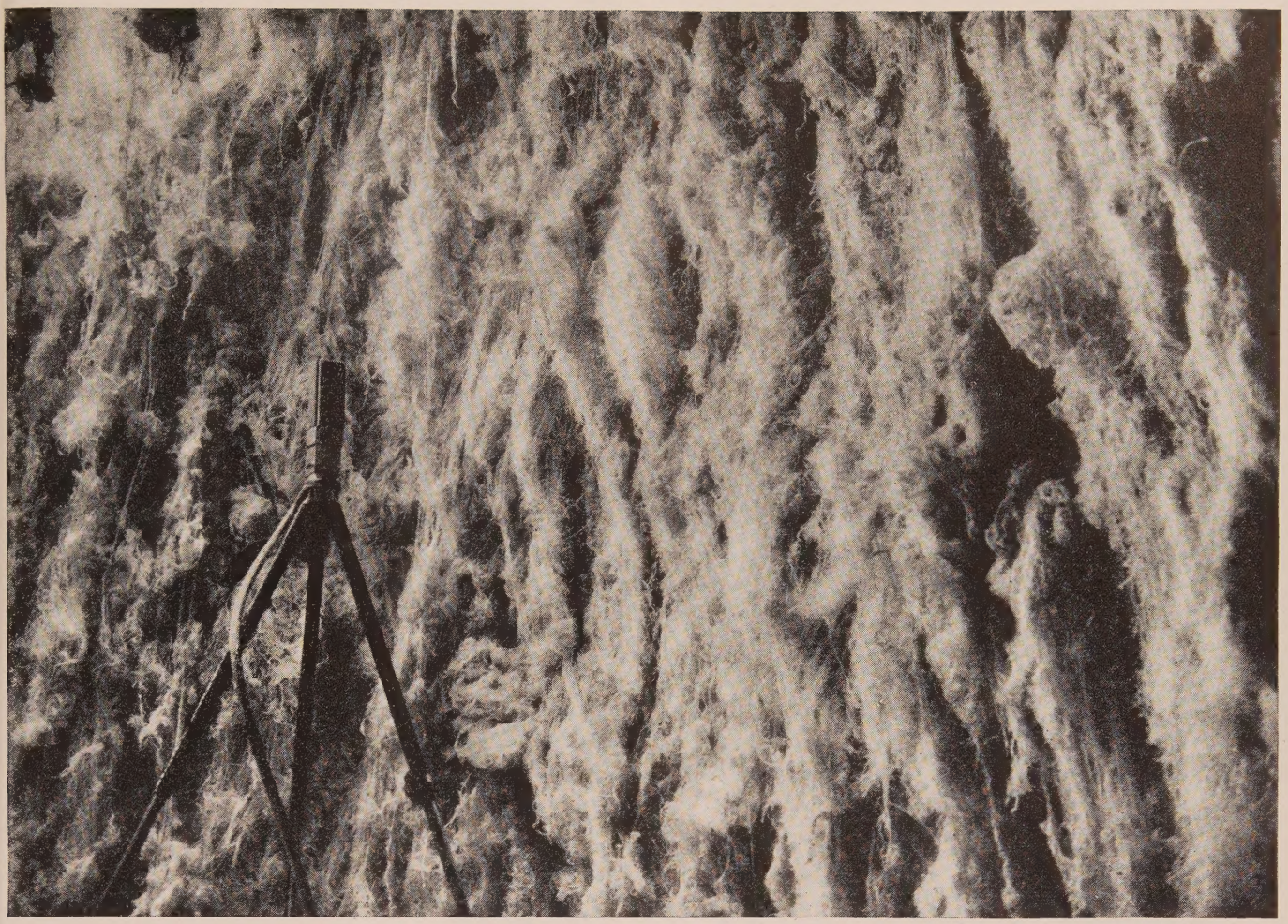

Soundproof room, General Electric laboratory, Schenectady

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These instruments, in soundproof rooms, are used to get rid of noise. They measure the whispers produced by fans. Research like this makes possible the development of new fans—fans that are quieter and more efficient—that will deliver fresh air to your offices and factories—that will provide you with year-round comfort through air conditioning.

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The Digest

STORY OF A WEEK

A STORY of a week in this country must mention many tiny nuggets as well as a few great veins of Americana. It is not only that so many things happen in the United States; it is that so many things happen here that can happen nowhere else. Thus in a single typical week:

Two tons of cement blocks, bearing the foot and hand prints of movie stars, were insured for $10,000 and shipped from Hollywood to Chicago to decorate a theater.

Young business men in Little Rock, Arkansas, formed a Society for the Booing of Commercial Advertisements in Motion Picture Theaters.

A six-car traffic accident occurred near Akron, Ohio, when a passenger car collided with a transport truck bearing four new automobiles to dealers.

A Detroit newspaper carried word of a beach where swimmers who disregard life guards' warnings are given tickets.

And thieves, smashing the show window of a New York bank, stole a teapot full of pennies, displayed to advertise thrift and the safety of banks.

Strikes, American plan

EVEN STRIKES, which appear to be of uniform mold throughout the working world, assume original effects in America. We have our conventional workers' demonstrations, as last week when 30,000 textile employees in half a dozen states trudged out of their mills and paraded through the streets. But we have also individualistic protests which are peculiarly American.

Popeye and Betty Boop become involved in the class struggle: Before Fleischer Studios, Inc., in New York City, forty striking artists march up and down chanting, "We're Popeye the union man, boop, boop! We'll fight to the finish, cause we likes our spinach; we're Popeye the union man!" . . . In Kansas City grizzled grave-diggers toss away their shovels and hold up funerals throughout the city as they picket cemetery gates . . . Proving that Automat restaurants are not operated entirely by nickels, Horn & Hardart Company employees—there are 5,600 in New York City—walk out for a mass demonstration in Times Square . . . And in Oklahoma, professional cowboys in a rodeo stage a sit-down to show that they would like something in their diet beside sage brush.

Eve of adjournment

A CONGRESSMAN has a time keeping his mind on his work when adjournment is in the air. A stray zephyr cooling the Capitol's shady corridors brings nostalgic craving for mountain lodge, ocean voyage, or gurgling trout stream. Under such conditions Senate and House get rid of legislation in the quickest way possible. This means jamming different versions of the same measure through each chamber, then sending both bills to a conference committee, made up of delegates from both houses, to be fused for swift enactment.

With legislative minds fagged and wayward, this haste sometimes breeds confusion. In a rush to ready a hatful of bills for the Roosevelt signature, a few days ago, Congress generously approved a measure protecting certain rights of seamen. Next morning the abashed lawmakers discovered that the self-same act had been on the books for months.

Lippmann on census

"OF ALL the actions taken by the Senate since the defeat of the Judiciary bill, the most important is likely to be the appropriation of $5,000,000 for a census of unemployment," declared Walter Lippmann in his syndicated newspaper column last week. "For once a census has been taken, showing how many are unemployed and where they live, Congress can and will deprive the President of his authority to allocate billions of dollars according to his own personal judgment. It is the beginning of the end of the system under which Congress has given the Executive vast sums of money to be distributed as a result of private negotiation between Governors and Mayors on the one hand, the President's personal appointees on the other.

"Congress has had to assent to this system because during the real emergency Congress did not and could not know what were the needs in the various communities. But now . . . it is feasible to make reasonably reliable estimates of how many more or less able-bodied adults there are in each community who cannot or will not take care of themselves. These estimates will enable Congress to say how much federal money is to be distributed in each community."

Slum clearance

TO PROVIDE cheap, clean homes for "one-third of a nation ill-housed" is a primary aim of President Roosevelt's Second New Deal. Before the House of Representatives last week was the Wagner housing bill which an unfriendly Senate had kicked around for six days. As introduced by Senator Robert F. Wagner, in whose home town of New York there are 40,000 ramshackle, disease-breeding tenement houses, the measure would have made a modest start toward a national program of slum-clearance and low-cost housing. As patched and amended by the Senate, it became little more than an expression of noble intentions.

America needs about 750,000 new homes for the "submerged third."

The original Wagner bill approached the problem by authorizing a bond issue of $1,000,000,000 to finance construction during the next four years by local public housing commissions. It also called for annual appropriations to subsidize low rentals for sixty years. The program was to be supervised by a three-man board responsible to the President.

But a very different sort of housing bill finally came through the Senate. The bond issue was hacked to $700,000,000. Low-rent subsidies were to continue for

twenty years instead of sixty, and were limited to $20,000,000 a year. No state was to get more than 20 per cent of the $700,000,000—this out of deference to senators who feared that big cities would gobble every dollar in the bill. Construction costs were not to exceed $4000 per dwelling unit, or $1000 per room. Finally, the program was to be directed by the penny-pinching Interior Department. The effect of these amendments—especially the one limiting construction costs—was practically to kill low-cost housing in New York and other large cities, where building expenses would run to about $1300 per room.

Housing programs generally fail to help the poor because they admit families of moderate income. Under the Wagner bill, the homes will be available only to families whose income is $1000 a year or less. There are about 9,000,000 such families in American cities today. The Wagner program will take care of 175,000.

Lady of the press

LIKE HAVING a cigar named after one, being suggested for President is a sure sign of popularity in this country. Dorothy Thompson, columnist, has been suggested for President, and, if no cigar has been named for her, at least she has the next best thing—she has just started a series of weekly radio programs sponsored by a manufacturer of cigarettes.

Miss Thompson's broadcasts will deal with outstanding people in the news. One, therefore, might well deal with Dorothy Thompson, who has been much in the news of late. Whether she is testifying before a committee of Congress or lecturing before a woman's club, Miss Thompson makes good copy for attending reporters. Three times a week, moreover, she turns out good copy on her own account; her column, syndicated by the New York *Herald Tribune,* now appears in 114 newspapers with a combined circulation of 7,000,000.

"One of those August stories about three-headed calves," she called the rumor that she might be the Republican nominee for President in 1940, and declared: "I'm quite sure we are going to have no women in the White House—and least of all me." But if the presidency eludes her, she still has other distinctions. She was the first woman columnist to write on public affairs, and is incomparably the best. She has been a crackerjack foreign correspondent, with one big scoop after another to her credit. She was expelled from Germany by Hitler and, alas, she is the embarrassed author of the prediction that Adolf would never be dictator of that country. She is 43, comely, blue-eyed, and given to smart tailored suits with pale colored blouses. She is the mother of one child, a boy, and is the wife of Sinclair Lewis, celebrated novelist.

With a diploma from Syracuse University, high ambition, a few years of experience in advertising, and $150, she left this country for Europe eighteen years ago. There she wormed her way into journalism, starred, and eventually became head of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger's* Central European bureau at Berlin. Back in the United States, she turned from reporting the news to commenting upon it. She is now offered half a dozen speaking engagements a day, writes for virtually any magazine she pleases, and should be comforted by the knowledge that when her newspaper column appears in a town it is read by the most thoughtful members of the community.

We lead in birth control

ON BIRTH CONTROL, as on few other subjects, public opinion has been revolutionized in recent years. "Though police were raiding birth control clinics in New York ten years ago," says the National Medical Council on Birth Control, "the United States today is in the lead in birth control education." In proportion to population, this country has more birth control clinics—320—than any other. The Soviet Union is second.

But sentiment varies from section to section. A nation-wide poll by the American Institute of Public Opinion last November on the question, "Should the distribution of information on birth control be made legal?" produced a yes vote of 70 per cent, a no vote of 30. In Nevada and Arizona the yes vote was 90 per cent. In strongly Catholic Massachusetts it was only 59.

Last week, the seven birth control clinics of Massachusetts were closed, following raids by the police. Mrs. Leslie D. Hawkridge, president of the State Birth Control League, had been arrested for "illegally advertising contraceptives," and released for a hearing next week. While laws in 41 States now authorize birth control clinics, a Massachusetts law expressly prohibits the sale, exhibition, use, or loan of birth control devices and information. When the police swooped down on the Salem clinic, the law was construed to apply to doctors, nurses, and welfare workers, as to everyone else. Sponsored by social and civic celebrities, the Salem clinic operated at an average cost to the patient of 90 cents and to the clinic of $17 per patient. Other raids followed fast. The national commerce in contraceptives is estimated to be $575,000,000 a year, but by last week, as far as Massachusetts was concerned, that commerce had been driven under cover.

A starting post and two milestones mark the course of the American birth control movement. The starting post was the federal law, sponsored by Anthony Comstock, professional reformer, in 1873. Excepting articles for producing abortion when used to safeguard life, it forbade the use of the mails for the distribution of information or supplies pertaining to the prevention of conception.

But last year, a decision by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at New York City extracted that statute's front teeth. It ruled that contraceptives might be imported if they are to be used under physicians' directions to preserve health and promote well-being. This was construed as legalizing their distribution also. Milestone No. 1.

The second milestone appeared last June, when the American Medical Association decided to recognize birth control as a legitimate medical practice, investigate available contraceptives, and promote the teaching of birth control in medical schools.

The Court and the Association decisions delighted no one more than Mrs. Margaret Sanger who, though she has been married twice and has borne three children, has been unquestioned leader of the American birth control movement from the first. In her opinion the United States needs about 3,000 birth control clinics at once.

Latest Langerism

NORTH DAKOTA contains 70,837 square miles of woolly politics. On a throw of the dice, or for less cogent reasons, Democrats turn Republicans, Republicans Democrats, or both turn Independent.

One of the woolliest of North Dakota politicians is the currently independent Governor William A. Langer. Tall, stormy, natty of dress, he was voted "most likely to succeed" by the class of 1910, Columbia University. The wheat-farming electorate of North Dakota considered this prediction fulfilled last week. By bold action the Governor had succeeded in boosting wheat prices to where the farmers thought they should be.

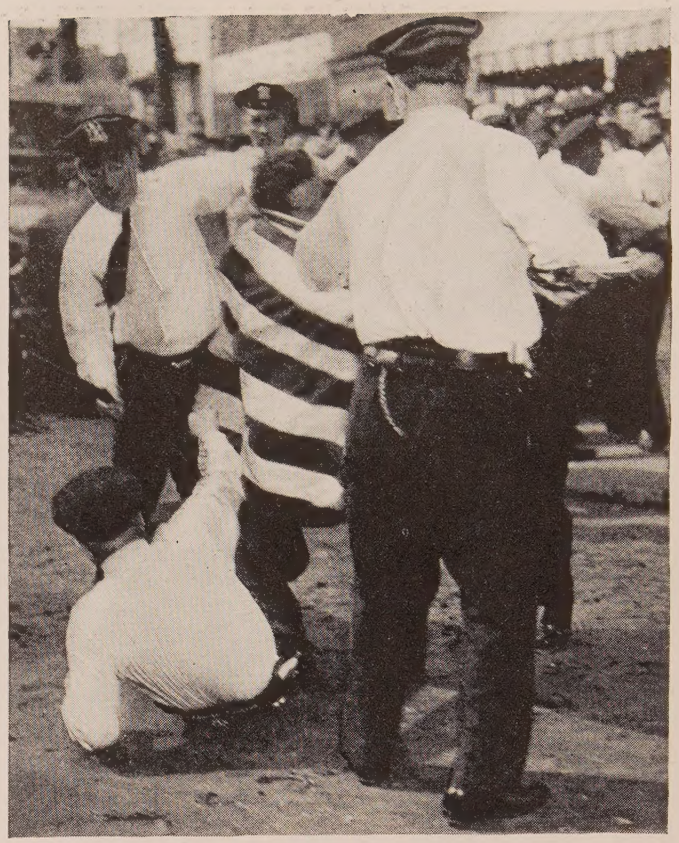
A fortnight ago Langer bluntly accused "the grain combine" of "stealing" the 1937 wheat crop. If private dealers would not pay farmers "what their wheat is actually worth," he said, North Dakota would. So the state mill began at once to draw on the $30,000,000 assets of the state bank to buy carloads of grain at 35 cents more per bushel than dealers were offering. Many an oath was launched in the direction of the governor's mansion at Bismarck last week, and many a blessing, too, as wheat began moving up.

North Dakotans gasped at this sample of sheer nerve, as they have been gasping at Langer audacities since he entered public life in 1914. He was elected state's attorney of Morton county that year, and on his first day in office clapped 167 persons behind the bars.

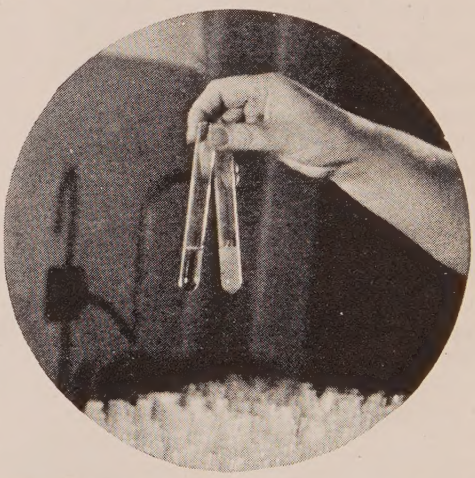
Casual toward party labels, he ran for various posts after that, sometimes as a progressive Republican, sometimes as a radical Non-Partisan Leaguer.

Though Roosevelt carried the state in 1932, Langer won the governorship as a Republican. It was characteristic that he should take his oath of office on a hos-

SMARTER THAN A GENIUS—Roxanne Herrick, 3, of Monroe, Michigan, rated 189 in a recent IQ test. Such rating brackets her with Goethe, Einstein, and Darwin



WRAPPED IN FLAG this CIO picketer defied police when 2,000 shipyard workers put on a show in Brooklyn



POSITIVE BLOOD TEST for syphilis (right) shows milky reaction while germ-free sample is clear. This test should be routine for all citizens, says the United States Public Health Service

HARD WORKING, hard hitting New Dealer, Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, is not content with his many present jobs. He intimated recently that housing and slum clearance administration should also be part of his work

"I'LL TAKE WINTERGREEN," said Paul White, 13-year-old Negro movie actor, when Fred T. Walker, applied plain paste. He got it too

PHOTOS FROM ACME, INTERNATIONAL, WIDE WORLD

pital bed. It was characteristic, too, that he should suddenly begin lambasting wheat and beef middlemen for charging "confiscatory" prices. Indifferent to the legal points involved, he sent state police to North Dakota's borders, to hold up trucks and trains till prices came down.

That move marked him indelibly as foe of the privileged and champion of the underdog. The fact that he was convicted two years later of collecting political tribute from employees of the State Relief Administration made little difference. Also the fact that he was a wealthy lawyer and land-owner. In 1936 he proved that his tirades against the "interests" still had North Dakota magnetized. He moved into the capitol again, this time as an Independent.

Although at the time of his trial he accused the Democratic Administration of attempting to crucify him, he has only the friendliest feelings toward Roosevelt today. He stood in the rain to cheer the President through his second inauguration. But then he had resolved to run for the Senate in 1938—as a Democrat.

On the Chinese front

JAPANESE soldiers take over Peiping, old capital of China, and install a military government, with Nippon troopers for police. Censorship reigns in Peiping's Hopei province of North China, as Japanese raid the book-stores for "red" or "patriotic" matter and attempt to regulate instruction in the city's schools, even docking professors' salaries.

The Japanese government allocates more than half a billion yen for "national emergency defense." A yen is worth about 29 cents. Incomes, luxuries, and war profits provide increased tax appropriations, and Tokyo's stock exchange slumps in the face of a loss of Chinese markets. Textiles, a special Japanese export to China, take an ultra-tumble.

Nippon has demanded that Chinese armies be withdrawn south of the Yellow River, which is about 300 miles below Peiping. If the Chinese should comply, all North China would be under the Japanese heel; for the river is a Chinese Mason-Dixon line.

Another thing Japan wants these days is a triple Japanese-German-Chinese red-baiting pact. Japan and Germany announced one—a Holy Alliance against communism—last November. Now they want the vast bulk of China to come in, while Mussolini coöperates in red-baiting European circles. Chiang Kai-shek, Chinese dictator at Nanking, believes in temporizing with Japan, as he has done for years. Also, he hates reds and fights them constantly in fruitless civil wars. It is not impossible that he might join the Japanese-Germans, at least on paper.

From the Peiping-Tientsin area in Hopei, Japanese last week pushed troops and planes northwest toward rugged, nomadic Mongolia, and also south in the ultimate direction of Nanking, Chinese capital city, where roosts Chiang Kai-shek. Japan has seventeen army divisions of 10,000 men each, two tank regiments only, and the smallest air-force of any major power—2000 planes including flying junk, outdated. Four or five divisions have been stationed in Manchukuo, which borders Hopei. Two divisions have been in Korea on garrison duty.

The air-force is stationed in Korea, Formosa, and Japan proper, with a few units in Manchukuo. Trained reserves back in Nippon number close to 2 million men. When the fighting started on July 7, there was only one Japanese division in North China (facing 100,000 armed Chinese); but now there are probably three or four, or even more. Their Hopei headquarters are at Tientsin. So far, in the North China scrapping, perhaps 500 Japs have died and 3000 Chinamen. Figures, like news dispatches, are exceedingly spotty.

Spanish war lord

LEADING AMERICAN with the Spanish loyalists—one of very many—is Major Frederick I. Lord of Texas. Here is a typical soldier of fortune, à la Richard Harding Davis. Lord, running away from school, joined the Texas militia on the Mexican border in 1916, then enrolled in the Royal Flying Corps in Canada and soared in France. He shot down 22 German planes, and was himself downed two days before the 1918 Armistice.

Thereafter he fought in Russia—in white armies against the Bolshevists. Then came service in two Mexican revolutions and one in Central America. On Armistice Day, 1936, he sailed for Spain, where he found difficulty in mastering native cognac. In Spain he found 5000 Germans, 5000 Italians, 2000 Americans, 15,000 British and French, fighting for the loyalists against Franco.

Franco himself, it seems, had one American aviator and one Chinese. The rest were Germans and Italians. Lord has interesting tales to bear: Some 30 loyalist boys and girls (the eldest 19 years old) charged a hill in the Guadalajara action last Easter Week and captured 70 Italians and two machine-guns. Again, a loyalist pilot was captured safely by the rebels. Next day a rebel bomber dropped a box over a loyalist airport. It contained the captured flyer's chopped-up remains.

El Senor Lord himself is no economist and is completely non-political. "Isms" to him are vague pipe-dreams. He is, obviously, an anti-communist from away back. But he likes Spain and Spaniards.

Mark the mark!

HITLER'S STAR depends to a degree on the economic spin of the wheel. When he boosted himself into power he was given a helpful shove by the mass discontent which post-war German inflation had created. With currency valueless—a newspaper, postage stamp or box of matches cost a "mere million" marks—hungry Germans were ready for any radical change.

Now Germany's currency again depreciates as it reaches its greatest peak of circulation—7,106,000,000 marks—since the cloudy post-war years. Can Hitler stop another vicious circle of inflation: more and more currency, backed by less and less gold, hindered by rising prices and wages (hence, smaller "real" wages), increasing costs of production and thus more trade difficulties, and, finally, discontent brought on by taking more notches in the already slim belt-line?

Doctor Schacht, Nazi "economic wizard," now finds his earlier successes dwindling. Despite truly desperate efforts to peg prices low and to keep currency from inflating, there are 1,754,000,000 more marks in circulation today than when Hitler took charge. Commodity prices rise—"guns, not butter" is General Goering's war cry—the cost of living increases, and there are signs that Germany has fewer gold reserves on which to draw.

Add to this the difficulty of maintaining foreign trade with nazi exports already burdened by the excessive German price level. Since 1933 Germany has tried to avoid economic embarrassment at home by a deep economic, political and military penetration abroad and its resulting diplomatic success. Importing hand over fist, and at prices way above world quotations, Germany pays her creditors in "frozen" credits, war supplies, exports—never cash or foreign exchange—trying to bring her economic satrapies within the orbit of her political axis.

Now some of her best economic friends are deserting. Brazil refuses to sell coffee to Germany any more. Romania, Jugoslavia, Greece, and Bulgaria are chafing under the German (and Italian) economic bit. Their barter agreements with Germany (and Italy) are crisis measures at best, and, when world prices are rising and markets enlarging, these agreements are hindrances to countries which can export their products to greater advantage elsewhere and with fewer political strings attached. Turkey has cut the Gordian knot. German-Turkish trade is at a standstill. England, quick to sense the shifting wind, has taken Turkey into camp, economically and diplomatically.

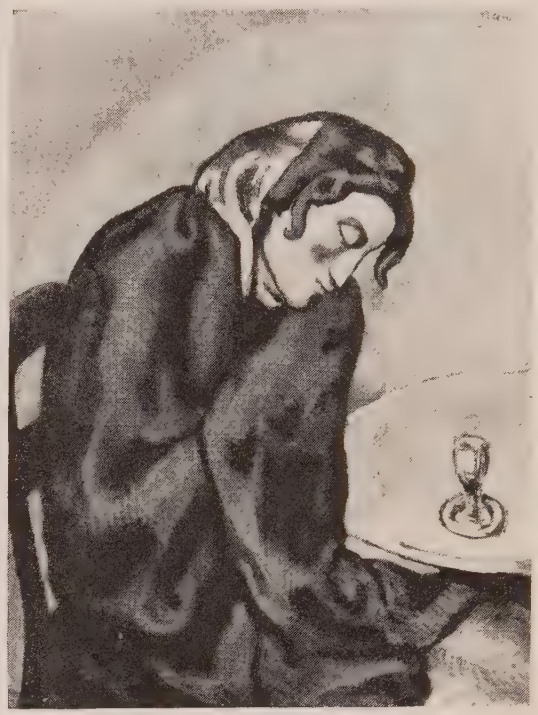
Vatican vignettes

THE VATICAN severs official diplomatic relations with the "anti-church" loyalist government of Spain, and recognizes instead the "pro-church" rebel government of General Franco, whose capital is Burgos. In August Pablo De Churruca represents the rebels at the Vatican, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo represents the Vatican among

(*Continued on page 10*)

"DEGENERATE" is Hitler's word for this painting of Card Players by Carl Hofer from the Ulm Museum

FOREIGN PAINTINGS must go too, even such a famous work as this Picasso, The Drinker Dozing, (executed in 1905) from the Hamburg Museum



POGROM of ART

PHOTOS COURTESY AMERICAN MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

WITH a stroke of the pen Hitler has set about purging his country of "degenerate" art, thus retarding the German people artistically by fifty years. Not only are modern works to be removed from museums but also from private homes "without regard to legal forms or the property rights involved." Such drastic action could be motivated only by a deep fear. This fear does not originate in the pictures themselves, as witness the examples reproduced on this page, all of which have been exiled, but in the moral force of artistic activity which, in Europe, has been developed to a high degree.

Modern artists, like musicians of all time, have insisted that painting and sculpture transcend political frontiers. Art, they will tell you, is an international force which is slowly but surely bringing the peoples of the world together in bonds of peace, understanding and mutual appreciation. Such internationalism, in terms of Nazi ideology, must, per se, be Bolshevism. The Nazi desire to concentrate the interests of the German people on matters strictly national presumes the wiping out of any interest, artistic or otherwise, which has an international scope—hence the art purge. Note that this is not a Semitic question since most of Germany's best modern painters are 100 per cent Nordic.

If Der Fuehrer chooses to deprive his people of artistic development, the loss is theirs and his, but it seems outrageous that paintings widely admired throughout the remainder of the world—many of them the works of non-German artists—should be destroyed.—*Morrill Cody.*

"NORDIC" FATHER of modern art is Edward Munch. His painting (executed in 1903) of the children of Dr. Linde hung in the Lubeck Museum

(*Continued from page 8*)
the rebels. (Germany and Italy recognized the Franco regime last year.)

The Vatican is now virtually at war with the Spanish loyalists. It has long been on the outs with anti-clerical Russia, whose League of the Godless used to be influential in erstwhile red days. In Mexico church and state have quarreled bitterly for years, and continue to do so. Nazi Germany has launched a 1937 campaign against the Catholic church in educational matters, alleging graft and moral corruption and dire conspiracies. In Poland there was a June row over the expediency of Orthodox King Carol of Romania's visit to Marshal Pilsudski's tomb in Catholic Cracow cathedral—whereby the church has suffered.

Jugoslavia is half Orthodox, a third Catholic; but the July Jugo-Vatican cordat would grant the Catholic organization greater privileges than the old Orthodox state church. Here in the Balkans there have been bloody riots, and Jugoslav fascists, communists, liberals and Orthodox fundamentalists find themselves (to their own astonishment) in alliance against Father Koroschetz, Catholic minister of interior, who sponsors the arrangement.

In Belgium, meanwhile, the Vatican helped to defeat the fascist Rexists of Leon Degrelle last April; while in Austria under Schuschnigg, and in Portugal under Salazar, the church is virtually in control.

Oslo outfit

IN THE endless bickerings of that Spanish non-intervention committee of 27 wild-eyed nations, there is a Voice of Conscience. It also functions in the League of Nations: the so-called Oslo Pact. Pact-powers include Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Holland, Belgium, little Luxemburg—the self-respecting, neat and clean, well-run countries which are not playing the dirty diplomatic game except for a minimum of self-preservation. Their joint population is 35 million. All are enlightened constitutional monarchies save republican Finland. All are Protestant save Catholic Belgium-Luxemburg. All are nordic save mongoloid Finland (who pays war debts) and a frenchy third of Belgium.

The pact was put together in Oslo, Norwegian capital, in 1930. The joiners-up agreed not to raise tariffs against one another without previous consultation; amicably to exchange armament data in this day of competitive militarism; to support peace and neutrality. The pact-powers are on excellent terms with England. British, Dutch, and Belgian Lions are in close "western front" and colonial accord; and His Majesty's Leo Britannicus breakfasts on Danish delicacies.

Holland and Belgium both have worsted their local nazis in recent elections, and impartial Belgium also has severed her explicit French alliance. Her king, Leopold, had a Swedish royal wife, the late Astrid: a connecting link with Scandinavia. The pact-powers helped to push well-intentioned League of Nations sanctions against fascist Italy-in-the-Ethiopia; now they (Holland and Belgium especially) extend economic olive branches to England, France, and Germany.

Roughly, the Oslo Pact has weathered two primary periods to date: from 1930-33 it was an economic defense-mechanism against Old Man Depression; from 1933-37 it has been political as well, with a defensive eye on Old Man Hitler, the nazis, and fascists generally.

Greek, not Roman

ANCIENT HISTORY is 1937-topical, because it repeats. But the crop of modern dictators, ranging from Pskov to Portugal and from Nicaragua to Nanking, are *not* dictators in the historical Roman sense. They are, instead, the tyrants of ancient Greece in a most literal sense.

Your old Roman dictator was legally appointed by the Senate to meet a special crisis or emergency. He was a noble, unselfish, constitutional figure whose term of office was six months. He could be reappointed, but always retired quietly (like famous Cincinnatus) if he finished his job before his term was up. Abraham Lincoln in 1861, Woodrow Wilson in 1917, Georges Bonnet in 1937, are truly Roman-type dictators; the first two because of war, the Frenchman due to an acute financial crisis.

But your Greek tyrants seized power more or less illegally, by force, and tried to hold on to it indefinitely, if not forever. They even favored relatives to carry on after them—like Mussolini's gaudy son-in-law, Ciano, or Cromwell's son, Richard, or Bonaparte's relatives. We live in a renewed age of tyrants, hence an age of renewed assassination. Caesar was murdered because his enemies declared him a Greek-type tyrant, instead of a Roman-type dictator, as he claimed himself to be. Alexander of Jugoslavia, Kirov of Russia, Huey of Louisiana have been done away with, among the modern tyrants falsely called dictators. Tyrannical Hitler is ever threatened. *Who next?*

TOPICS IN BRIEF

MYRNA LOY, married a year, was urged to pass out a few pointers on how to succeed as a wife. One way would be to look as much as possible like Myrna Loy.—*Walter Winchell in the New York Mirror.*

• •

When the next campaign rolls around can't you visualize some of the politicians promising sit-down strikers arm chairs and pipes?—*Cortland (N. Y.) Standard.*

• •

In the West a trailer couple were wrecked ten minutes after they were wed. There followed the pretty ceremony of lifting the threshold over the bride.—*Senator Soaper in the Los Angeles Times.*

• •

If John L. Lewis can succeed in organizing all federal, state, and municipal employees, all farm laborers, and all white collar workers, as he plans, he might feel that he had a party of his own and discharge the President from affiliation with him. But, of course, there's the "if."—*Springfield Union.*

• •

If you own a mule and every day take 10 per cent of its corn, fodder, and oats, selling them at the end of the month and investing the money in an insurance policy for the mule, it will have social security—which proves that government should own the people.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

The more government concerns itself with industry, agriculture and business, the greater the mess. The government of the United States should keep the peace among the states, defend the country from foreign foes, and stop.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

• •

J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, learned in a recent survey of 93 American cities that scarcity-of-police and high-crime-rates go hand in hand. The murder rate in cities which employ one or fewer policemen per 1,000 inhabitants was shown to be twice as high as that of cities which have at least two policemen for each 1,000 citizens.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

• •

Won't the C.I.O. have to sanction back-to-work movements long enough for the boys to catch up on their dues?—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

• •

The trouble with looking impartially at both sides of a question is that both sides immediately wallop you for being on the other.—*Chicago Tribune.*

• •

Now that the Supreme Court problem has been settled, the American people can get back to the main issue: Who is going to play *Scarlett* in that movie?—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

PEOPLE

A 12-year record

THE ONLY way he can jerk himself out of a batting slump, swears Henry Louis Gehrig, is to eat a dish of his mother's pickled eels. If the mortality rate of eels is high, they can't blame Lou for it. His lifetime batting average of .341 (.300 is good in any league) proves there hasn't been much slumping. He was hitting better than .370 last week and aiming at the American League championship.

Gehrig is proud of his batting eye. As a junior at Columbia University, he poled a ball 425 feet. While two fielders legged after it, a scout for the New York Yankees sidled up to Gehrig, nudged him with a fountain pen, and pointed to the dotted line. On a fine June day in 1925, H. Louis Gehrig, Columbia '23, A.B., bowed into the big leagues as a nervous pinch hitter. He didn't hit. Next afternoon he trotted out to first base to substitute, and stayed there.

Today the sports writers call him the "Iron Man." Since that day in 1925, he has played more than 1900 consecutive games—600 more than the old non-stop record. He stopped a fast-ball with his head once. He has crashed into fences, bashed his fingers, and stayed awake all night with lumbago—but has never failed to start a game with the Yankees.

At 34, Lou finds himself close to the peak. He weighs 210, is hard, rangy, and strong as a lumberjack. Doctors attribute his phenomenal endurance power to a small heart. He calls that nonsense, says he keeps healthy by taking care of himself. Off-season he used to play 54 holes of golf every day until he found it cramping his batting swing. Now he walks, or goes fishing for the sporty marlin.

INTERNATIONAL

AMONG Lou Gehrig's admirers is his wife. Iron man, he has played 1900 consecutive games

He eats a big breakfast and a big dinner, but no lunch. Between meals he downs great quantities of fruit. The Iron Man loves his victuals and it's a shame that food was the direct cause of the most embarrassing moment of his career. Three weeks ago he went on the air for the breakfast cereal "Huskies." When the announcer asked him what cereal would make little boys big and strong, Lou's mind snapped back unaccountably to a previous radio sponsor. Cheerily he retorted, "Why, 'Wheaties,' of course!"

Periodically Babe Ruth warns Lou to give up baseball for a week or so every year as a preventive against going stale. After his upteen-thousandth game, Gehrig might well go stale. Meanwhile he finds enough to do between games to keep his mind off batting averages. A fortnight ago he lectured at Columbia on "baseball fundamentals." He concluded that baseball has no fundamentals. "Every player has to play his own game."

Baseball lady

MISS LUCY SMOOT, shy, retiring, silver-haired little lady is the only representative of her sex among a hundred brawny athletic instructors taking the summer course in baseball at Columbia University Teacher's College.

Principal or teacher for more than thirty-five years at Norton Elementary School in Kansas City, Mo., the elderly, bespectacled lady has decided to obtain more complete baseball knowledge.

"I have charge of a group of eighth-grade boys during recess," she apologetically informed inquiring reporters last week, "and I want to be able to pass on to them the fine points of baseball."

Seated between two husky giants, Miss Smoot takes copious notes throughout the lectures, industriously writing down various techniques on screwballs, incurves, and outcurves.

The lectures are given by such eminent professors as Joe McCarthy, Bill Terry, Lou Gehrig, and other baseball luminaries. Unsatisfied with abstract theory, Miss Smoot recently availed herself of an opportunity to see a major league game wherein theory was put to practice. Throwing herself into the spirit of a true fan, she said, "I bought a book on 'Who's Who in the Big Leagues', drank soda pop, applauded the home runs and better executed putouts, and conversed with the spectators around me."

The spunky little coach will return to her eighth-grade Kansas City boys next month. She feels sure that her experience this summer will help her to know the boys better, understand them, and have them understand her.

WIDE WORLD

LUCY SMOOT, Kansas City schoolteacher, takes a summer baseball course

Thumbnails

IRENE DE BRUYN ROBBINS goes to Cuba to decorate and refurnish our embassy there. Assistant Chief of Foreign Service Buildings is her title. Later she goes to other of our homes abroad. Daughter of a Belgian diplomat and an Argentine belle, she married Warren Delano Robbins (cousin of the President), who died two years ago while Minister to Canada.

Errett Lobban Cord passes out of big business but probably not out of high finance. At 43 he sells 658,000 shares of the corporation bearing his name. Price, $2,632,000. With those shares goes control of Auburn and Checker Cab automobile plants, the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, an aviation company, etc.

Died

Frederick R. Lehlbach, 61, Representative from New Jersey, 1915-36.

Lady Tree, 72, famous actress, widow of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

Josiah Alexander Van Orsdel, 76; a young Pennsylvania lawyer who moved to Wyoming the year after its admission to the Union; served as Congressman, attorney general of the state, justice of its Supreme Court; finally Associate Justice of U. S. Court of Appeals.

Vernon L. Kellogg, 69; a professor of entomology at Stanford who became wartime director of relief in Belgium and later in Poland; from 1919-31 secretary of the National Research Council.

Francis Wayland Shepardson, 76, president of Beta Theta Pi, senator of Phi Beta Kappa, long a professor of American history at the University of Chicago.

CHINA'S

GOOSE-STEPS AND PLUMES in Japan: Tradition and ambition. These map-making soldiers, marching off to war, will be backed up at home by shy women wearing their ancient hair-dress and kimono

DIGEST PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR

WHAT LIES behind the undeclared war which has seen Japan swallow up two provinces in North China? Why, the world wonders, did the Chinese dragon fold up so easily in the face of Japan's small, but modern, army?

The answer—so obvious that it is usually missed—is simply that China was licked before she began. Even before hostilities commenced, Japan had strangled China's outlet to the sea and to foreign aid. She had posted her men within the walls of Peiping itself, surrounded there by huge stocks of explosives and ammunition. She had pitched camp at every railway junction but one—the one through which aid from the Chinese Central Government in Nanking might have come. When Japan took over that one remaining link, Chinese troops got stubborn and resisted.

The graphic result has been the dispersion of a few disorganized and poorly equipped Chinese garrisons, the massacre of ten thousand or more non-combatants, the burning of two large cities and several hamlets, and the destruction of intellectual centers where Chinese were learning self-reliance and Christian ethics.

Thus did Japan tighten the string about two rich provinces which were already in the bag.

In all this China was whipped, not by Japanese armies, but by the stranglehold of old treaty obligations imposed by all the powers, including our own Uncle Sam. Bret Harte is credited with a mining camp story to the effect that some miners, entering Poker Flat on a celebration night, found it deserted save for one Chinese who was tied to his stove and had been subjected to vile indignities. They wanted to know why he didn't resist. "There were too many of them," he said. "Are you sure you can't get loose now?" they asked. "I am sure," he answered. So they repeated the same outrages upon him. The western powers held China down until Japan violated her. Now they wonder what is coming next.

INFORMALITY AND UNDERWEAR SHIRTS in China. This genial North China garrison has just refused Japanese demands to evacuate. Japan's superior troops killed most of these smiles and men

Texas Cotton

FOR one thing: Japan will grow the cotton for her No. 1 industry in North China, instead of purchasing it from Texas. And with these textiles she will further undercut the trade of western nations. Already Japanese money and pressure have cornered over 90 per cent of the cotton

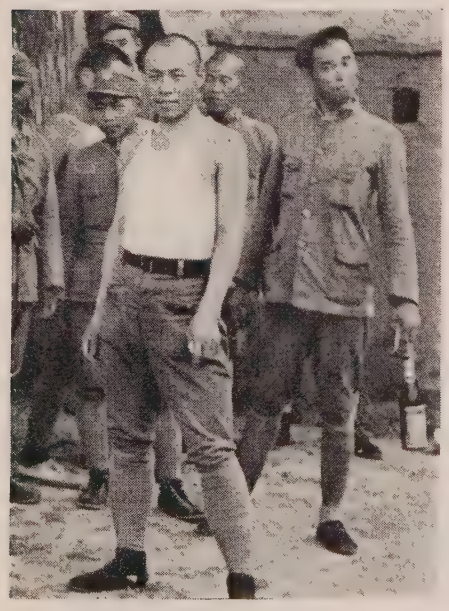
CHANCES

shipping industry in North China, plus all its general shipping, and have begun to open mines, build railroads, and establish air lines. The invasion of China is only a prelude to the further invasion of the world market, an opening sally in a war of prices between yellow men and white men.

The military conquest of North China is over. What next? The Nanking government dared not send its airplanes to fight over Tientsin. It cannot challenge the Japanese navy on the Yangtze River. It can strike boldly and be crushed—thus increasing Japan's area for later exploitation at little cost—or it can fight a wordy war of obstruction until Nippon's victorious troops clash with something big enough to stop them. The latter is China's desperate hope, and the world's dread.

What can Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his Nanking forces do? In equipment and discipline they are still inferior to Japan. But that is not the reason why they are so hesitantly used. Nanking's army lies low because it is diplomatically and economically stymied. If Madame Chiang's pet air force downs Japanese bombers or burns Shiminoseki, Japan will bomb and burn Shanghai, which is already vulnerable to her navy and fortified garrison stationed there. They will also attack Chiang's new capital at Nanking. Chiang might fight without his capital, but he cannot fight without his bankers, who own and live in Shanghai and do not want to see it destroyed. Moreover,

ONLY ONE of these waiting recruits will pass Japan's stiff army tests



Shanghai is the place where Chiang is forced to buy his gas to fly his planes. If Shanghai goes up in smoke, so will Chiang.

China's Soldiers

Not that Chiang's soldiers aren't personally capable. They are much more willing to die than the old-fashioned Chinese soldier. The divisions of old-style troops, never subservient to Nanking, that have been wiped out around Peiping, were a liability. Their destruction was not glory; it was slaughter. Like the Chinese privates of many centuries, these northern troops regarded themselves and their jobs much as our own W.P.A. workers are alleged to regard theirs. The proverb: "You don't use good iron to make nails or good men to make soldiers," was constantly in their ears, and they accepted it.

But having been put through the mill of a newer propaganda and education, the Nanking private shows new spirit. The old proverb is replaced by the new one: "The man who sheds blood for his country is its first citizen." He still marches in cloth shoes, but to new songs. By oriental standards he is well-fed and well-clothed. He shoots fairly straight, and can keep his head under fire. He is accustomed to dispersion and quick reorganization. He knows that war is luck, and for him probably bad luck, but he is willing to give it a try. With leadership and backing he might go places, but he has never had enough of either.

He goes out to broad-sword a bayoneting Japanese private who is fed less but who is more conventionally uniformed, more painstakingly drilled, and fights with the spirit of a revival meeting rather than with that of a pessimistic fatalist.

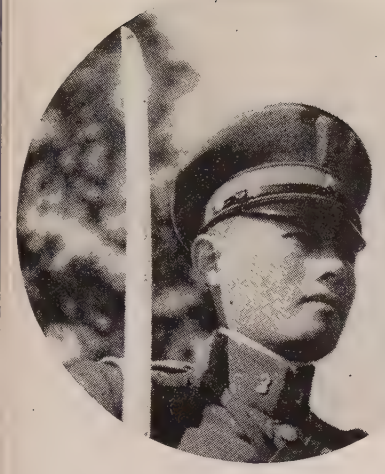
JAPAN'S army pulls itself into shape by "jiu-jitsu," preparing for its big push in China

CHINESE officers' mess. German-trained at Nanking's military academy, the West Point of China, they polish up on their fighting spirit with unpolished rice mixed with oats and fish, vegetables and fruit. Chinese privates, like the boy on the right, content themselves with mammoth chunks of hard-tack, flavored with soya bean sauce, and sip tea

But the Japanese private, taught that his God-Emperor cannot fail, doesn't quite know how to take a set-back. He cannot be readily re-formed after defeat. When his world goes haywire he goes a bit daffy—often takes his life, as indeed his honor-bound officers are obliged to do. Smaller in stature and on the average less rugged than the Chinese private, the Japanese private is higher-strung. He runs fast—in either direction.

Besides fighting an aroused China, Japan must also face Mother Nature, a still tougher enemy. The secret as to why Japan's southward sweep is halting is that China's and Nature's "General Rain" is establishing a muddy line of temporary peace. Rain is a great factor in determining field operations in North China. At this time of year roads become impassable, railroad bridges float away, transportation stops for three to six weeks. The huge floods which inundate China often occur in August and September. The Kao-Liang, or sorghum-corn, grows taller and taller in the mud, hiding landscape, villages, and armies, and providing ambush even from air detection. General Rain, his billions of teeming privates, and the leafy 10-foot sorghum stalks—these are forcing an armistice between the two sides and helping Nanking save face.

For her undoubted success in furthering her hold over the Far East and in increasing her territories, Japan is highly indebted to a number of key men who can marshal seventy million disciplined and easily enfevered Japanese in the name of their divine Emperor. They stem from ninety-year-old Mitsuru Toyama, patriarch of them all, a man whose flowing white beard is usually tucked away with him in his modest cottage. In 1904 it was this same Toyama who ordered his protege, the diminutive but masterful Admiral Togo, to open fire on Russian ships at Port Arthur and thus force the hand of Prime Minister Ito into the historic Russo-Jap war. It was Toyama again who gave the word to machine-gun Chinese garrisons on the night of September 18,



THE JAPANESE officer with the ancient sword of a Samurai and the private with a modern rifle see eye to eye when it comes to facing four hundred million Chinese

1931, at the start of the famous Manchurian seizure which Japan grabbed in China. Today—for Toyama seems as ageless as snow-capped Fujiyama—his "boys," the "Black Dragon" chiefs, may be found directing Japan's aggression.

Japanese Tammany

THE disciple whose hand holds the tiller of the navy throttling China's hopes of resistance is Admiral Mitsumasa Yoniuchi. Starting life with a golden spoon in his mouth—for his mother was the daughter of Kentaro Okuma, Japan's Commodore Vanderbilt and Rockefeller rolled into one—he developed into a navy man, who, like Admiral Togo (his former chief) has learnt how to play "straight Tammany" in Japan's political top-roost. Admiral Yoniuchi is suave: he knows the world, has hashed affairs out plenty of times at headline naval conferences, and has taken a cocktail or three with American and British commanders.

Admiral Yoniuchi's position is at the center of things, for in Japan the military men and industrial leaders (including Nippon's "nine families of wealth") keep knocking the political football around among themselves to the exclusion of most everyone else; and it is Admiral Yoniuchi who forms the tie-up between the navy and Japanese industrial wealth. Today the two elements, the men with the guns and those with the money, have never before been so much of one mind as in the seizure and exploitation of North China.

General Gen Sugiyama, Minister of War, is a rougher diamond. In his hands lie the lives of hundreds of thousands of Chinese who have never thought of "higher strategy" or "territorial integrity," and hardly of "national pride," but who nevertheless seem to get in the way of Japanese bombs in the work of pacifying the Far East. Though 58, General Sugiyama did not get out of military college until 1910, and saw his first action in the "firm"—but which the world at the time thought brutal—suppression of Korean independence. The General is an undiluted military product, picked and sponsored from boyhood by the ruling clique. His two years in Geneva are bearing fruit today; while watching the sands wash out from beneath the League's peace structure, the hard-thinking General laid his plans for planting bayonets of steel in China.

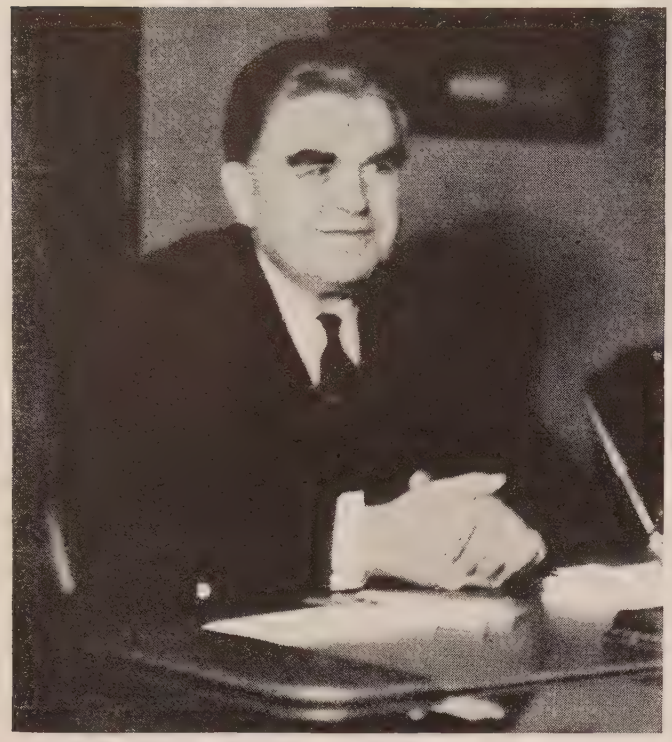
His commander in the field in North China, Lieut. General Kyoshi Katsuki, is 57.

This time, in contrast to 1931, Japan's rulers have complete control over the army authorities in Japan and are not forced to work over their heads through sub-commanders on the mainland. Hence, Katsuki works dutifully under War Minister Sugiyama. Katsuki comes from the right district, Saga, as faithful in the Japanese political line-up as the East Side is in New York City affairs. Usually described as mild-mannered and soft-spoken, Katsuki's type of mildness was demonstrated by his orders to destroy the city of Tientsin. His specialty is operations and tactics, in which he is described as brilliant—but his brilliance left scattered bodies of his troops exposed to maddened Chinese retaliation.

His reliability is shown by his place in the ruling class as chief of that strange third department of the army, the Educational Department, the Tammany Hall of the army, the focal point where politics and bullets meet. It is the spearhead of the Japanese military advance and cultural regression, for like Japan herself, it shows that nations will not fight today over moral wrongs, but only for property and material things. Thus we drift towards the biggest war of all.—*Upton Close.*

TO THIS coatless Chinese commander at Wanpinghsien, North China, comes an ultimatum from Japan. It is carried under the white flag of peace by a Chinese policeman and civilian. Surrounded by his staff, the Chinese officer scrawls his answer. Only commanding officers can unfrock themselves and enjoy the broiling sun, although all Chinese soldiers have equal rights when it comes to ducking the rain of Japanese bombs

DIGEST PHOTO BY PEGGY DUFFY



JOHN L. LEWIS, strong man of American labor

CHECK-OFF

John L. Lewis explains a controversial point

The "check-off," automatic and relatively painless method for collecting union dues, has again become an issue in labor controversy. The subject is an important and delicate one, taboo in many quarters, including New Deal labor councils. With his customary directness, John L. Lewis, head of the militant C. I. O., did not evade the question when DIGEST *editors raised it. Here, in his own words, is a considered and able argument for the "check-off," first enunciated some years ago, brought down to date and re-affirmed by Mr. Lewis this week.*

IN LAW, the check-off is simply an assignment by the miner of a portion of the wage due him from the operator, an assignment he has the legal right to make and with which the operator has no concern except as it may involve a small matter of bookkeeping. It may be said that the dues can be paid over to the Union by each individual miner, so why the check-off?

The question can be considered from two points of view. The collective bargaining contract is made by the employer with his employes acting through a union. The labor association and its officers and committees are charged with the duty of seeing that the contract is complied with. The employer looks to the union and its officers for the discipline that secures the integrity of the agreement, the avoidance of shut-downs, the resort to the tribunals provided by the contract for settlement of grievances, the supply of constant and efficient labor.

If the employer accepts the theory of a free and independent union of his employes and of honest and collective bargaining, he naturally wants the union to function, and he should have no reluctance in agreeing with his organized workers that their union dues may be checked off. The opposition of the employer to this small act of coöperation, in its last analysis, rests upon nothing but a distrust of the union and an unwillingness to see it function efficiently.

Consider the matter from the standpoint of the union itself. It negotiates the wage structure, protects the working conditions of the workers, and assumes the moral and legal obligations arising from the contract. Employers who demand strict observance of the contract, who insist on penalties for unauthorized stoppage of work, who complain bitterly to and of union officials for lack of discipline among members of the union, are still unwilling to grant the check-off.

DIGEST PHOTOS FROM KEYSTONE

SIGNING UP with the United Mine Workers, a necessary preliminary to a job in the mines

UNION MEETING, where leaders are elected, and individual members can speak their pieces on union plans and policies

John Doe

Breaker 12

Date Aug. 15, 1937.

Local Union No. 302

Mine Stevens

District No. 5

I, the undersigned, hereby authorize the above named company to deduct from my earnings, and thereafter transmit, the amounts applicable to Union dues, assessments and initiation fee, as provided in paragraph (6) of the agreement between said company and the United Mine Workers of America dated May 7th, 1936, which paragraph is printed on the reverse side hereof.

John Doe.
NAME

WITNESS

Check No. 1276

COLLECTION OF DUES AND ASSESSMENTS

(6) Any operator upon receipt of a proper individual assignment from an employee, either direct or through an authorized agent of the United Mine Workers of America, shall deduct dues and assessments from the earnings of such employee, and shall transmit same, not later than the 15th day of each succeeding month, to the District Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America in the District in which the mine is located.

Dues deducted, as above provided, shall not exceed one dollar ($1.00) per man per month; and assessments authorized and levied by the International Executive Board of the United Mine Workers of America shall not exceed two dollars ($2.00) per man in any calendar year. In the collection of such assessments not more than one dollar ($1.00) shall be deducted in any one month.

Subject to the same procedure provided for the collection of dues and assessments, any operator shall make deductions from the earnings of employees for initiation fees covering membership in the United Mine Workers of America. Such initiation fees shall not exceed ten dollars ($10.00) per man, payable two dollars ($2.00) monthly until the entire fee has been paid and shall be transmitted by the operator to the Treasurer of the Local Union at the Colliery.

SIGN UP card, on which the worker agrees to accept company deductions from his pay envelope, to cover union dues and other authorized assessments

THE UNION has a right to protect itself against tendencies, sometimes natural in men and sometimes stimulated by opposition forces, against disintegration. It has a right to protect itself against the hitch-hikers that receive the benefits of collective bargaining and ignore their own obligations. The union has a right to be strong, because only by its strength can it be effective.

The check-off, as it peculiarly pertains to the coal industry, originated with the advent of coal mining in the United States. The mine worker purchased his supplies from the coal operator and was given credit at the company store on condition that the operator be permitted to check-off current accounts from the miner's pay. In originating this form of the check-off, the operator considered it an honorable collection method to insure him against loss. The mine worker, possessed of no cash or credit elsewhere, and being inaccessible to other sources of supply and credit, found in the arrangement a useful and convenient means of payment.

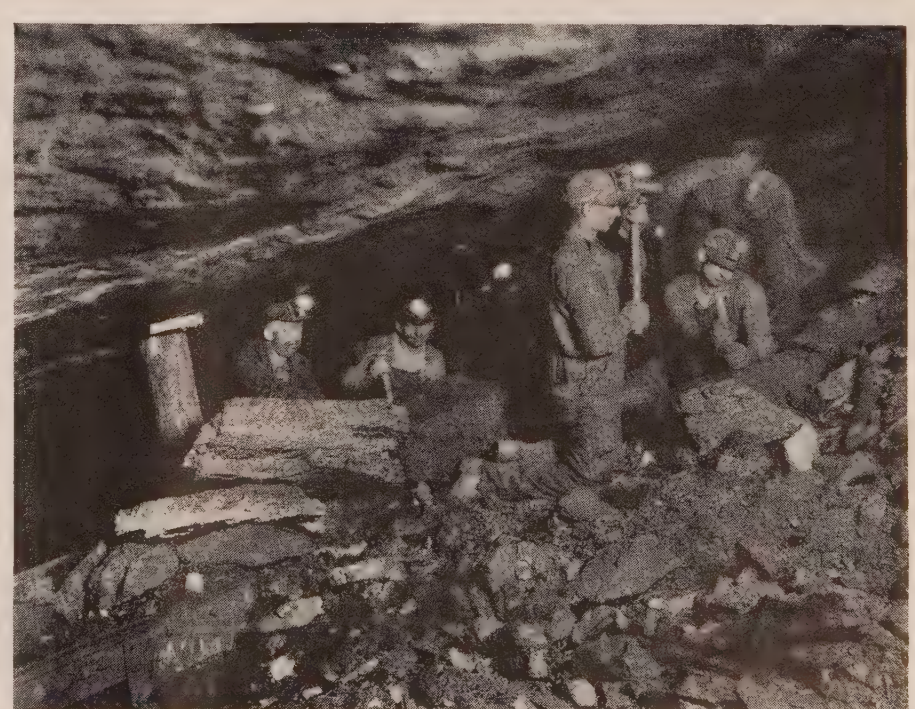
The check-off in myriad forms was in practice before the birth of the United Mine Workers Union. When the Union was organized, the mine worker, being accustomed to paying religious offerings, as well as other forms of indebtedness, by the check-off method, simply appropriated it as a dues-paying medium in meeting obligations to his Union.

When employers decry the check-off as vicious and un-American in times of controversy, they wander far afield, misrepresent the facts, and foster a campaign of deception. The check-off is inherently sound in principle, honest in practice, and of inestimable benefit in times of peace, and in the promotion and maintenance of stability in industry.

VIEWED in its social aspect, the check-off is both moral and educational. From the standpoint of property and capital, it is an investment in the teaching of sound economics. The deductions from a man's earnings of a sum determined by himself and his fellows, brings home to him every pay day his social relationships and his duties to his fellow man. It is education in democratic government. It explains to him in concrete form the reason for all other kinds of taxation—it shows him in the most forceful way that something is never obtained for nothing, and that the individual must pay for all collective benefits.

By putting a stated price upon a favorable tripartite labor contract between himself, his fellows, and his employers, there is impressed upon him the law of contract, that every agreement must have a consideration and that as contracts cost money there are reasons why they should be kept. Every payment of a check-off by a union worker is a bit of practical education as to the sanctity of the pledge, upon which the whole structure of modern business, property rights, and society rests.

—John L. Lewis



WORKING CONDITIONS as well as pay bulk large in unions' programs for advancing their members' interests. The check-off removes uncertainty of dues, makes a necessity of virtue

PAY OFF for the miner—and for his union, as well. The lad below checks up after the check-off

CHECK-OFF SYSTEM

THE CHECK-OFF system, cursed by industrialists, extolled by unionists, was first introduced by Ohio coal miners in 1889, to support their union.

But industrial executives had already found the same principle useful in collecting company charges against the men. Food, blasting supplies, clothing, doctor's bills, religious contributions, even outside debts, were, at one time or another, all collected through the check-off system.

Union leaders saw no objection to collecting their dues through it. They still reason cheerfully that the use of the check-off saves hours of holiday time for the working men, who need no longer seek out the "local" treasurer to pay their union contributions. Yet only reluctantly do they mention the check-off in public utterances, or give out facts concerning it.

Objections to the check-off, advanced by industrialists, are many, but essentially they are based on the general dislike of manufacturers for unions. The check-off system compels management to use its strategic position, inside the pay window, to help maintain powerful, and often hostile, union organizations.

To the union's officers, the check-off simplifies, if it does not remove, a grievous worry, that of collecting dues. Any union which succeeds in installing the check-off system finds its continued financial health practically guaranteed. Every member regularly contributes his mite toward its upkeep whether or not he wishes to do so. He is not allowed to forget.

Therein lies the prime objection of the conservative, and in some cases of the liberal industrialist to the system. Once it becomes established, union members find it extremely difficult to withdraw from the union. Members, individually, have little to say about their contributions to its support. They may not approve its policies; the minority of its members—even an inarticulate majority—may look to independent action; but they remain in the union. Thus union membership, too, is practically guaranteed.

Last November, 12 of the CIO unions had a membership of 2,728,800. Dues generally ran about one dollar a month per member. Not all members, however, were employed and paying dues. And not all of the CIO income came from the check-off, although a sizeable and dependable amount did come from that source.

That portion came far too efficiently, in the opinion of many representatives of industrial ownership and management. And many disinterested students of labor problems endorse the opinion of the late Samuel Gompers, founder of the American Federation of Labor, that the check-off raises more problems than it solves, by making the road to concentrated power too easy, and too safe.

DIGEST PHOTOS FROM KEYSTONE

GRIEVANCES are taken up with foremen, then union leaders—directly, informally

PROGRESS

The Senate harks back

WHILE one branch of the Federal government frets because industrial progress is not fast enough (Report of the National Resources Board's Sub-committee on Technological Trends), behold another branch hog-tying bigger and better railroading with a legal lariat (Senate passage of McCarran bill limiting freight trains to 70 cars).

This limitation is as absurd as the examples cited in the report on inventions as proof of legislative stupidity in delaying the application and use of worthy innovations. Moving freight in long trains is now one of the safest things men do, far less dangerous than moving persons in automobiles, which most of us manage every day. One obvious way to better railroading is through increasing the cars per train and tons hauled per man hour. To block by law that efficient development is economic folly and peanut politics. Thus is revived the old game of stabbing the railroads, this particular stab being likely to cost them $100,000,000.

Railway labor proposed the McCarran bill as safety legislation, with "make work" possibilities. The safety plea has no merit, and it is high time for government to stop making work at the expense of already discouraged investors. In a heat-weary Senate, the bill became the vehicle for a sharp finesse in parliamentary practice. By tacking the highly controversial anti-lynching bill to it as an amendment, attention was diverted from horse to rider. If the President's heart is with the National Resources Board, he cannot do otherwise than veto this witless limitation on progressive railroading.

Counting babes unborn

AMERICAN values always have been built on prospects of increased population. Land would be more valuable because there would be more people to bid for its use. Industries would thrive because they could make more things for more people.

Now experts at the Population Congress tell us population growth is slowing down, and that after struggling up to 150,000,000 it will decrease. Already school population in the lower grades is declining.

If true, this means the end of the great long-time American boom which began in 1492. But is it true? In 1798 the Englishman Malthus proved with precise logic that population was outrunning subsistence. Since then the population of the world has nearly doubled, yet food is more plentiful now than then, and famines less common. Things and forces which Malthus could not possibly foresee upset his calculation of futures. Among these disconcerting incalculables were the steam engine, electricity, railroads, farm machinery, scientific agriculture—everything, in short, that helps in these times to produce and move food and goods.

Our statisticians discuss the saturation point for population in the same fatalistic vein that bankers used in prophesying a saturation point for automobiles thirty years ago. At any given moment the bankers could prove they were right; but before the period of prophecy drew to a close the situation changed. Someone invented a self-starter, someone built more and better roads.

Of course, you can't buy babies readymade. Nevertheless, the pains and dangers of childbirth seem to be decreasing. Obstetrical science keeps reducing the hazards and saving more of the prospective customers for existence. Also, it is just possible that social evolution may produce a better world with a future so rosy that adults will want many children to share in its blessings. A falling birthrate is to some extent a critique on bad management in high places, passive rebellion against regimes grown too expensive and deadly to inspire complete faith in the national future.

If political management improves sufficiently to reassure parents that their children will be something more than debt-bearers and arms-toters, the baby business may again boom in America.

Bear turns salesman

RUSSIA, renting 100,000 square feet of space, will appear at the World's Fair at New York in 1939 as salesman and showman. This move strengthens the growing belief that the Soviet Republic is now pushing products stronger than policies. Like other nations, she accepts the rules of the game for international exhibits.

Russia's industrial advance influences events at the moment far more than her unconventional politics. Until that vast area went Red, Russians were content to export raw materials—wheat, oil, lumber—and import manufactures, providing the industrial nations of western Europe with a profitable trade and an expanding market. Then, quite suddenly, this position was reversed. Russia decided to manufacture her own goods of common use. By importing machinery and training workers, she began to climb toward second place in industrial production.

What this tremendous economic change means to Europe cannot be estimated accurately as yet. Loss of such a vast, nearby market reduces normal employment and opportunity in those countries where Russia used to buy heavily. Western Europe finds it increasingly difficult to maintain the former standard of living and finance a great civilization built on the financial base of dependable foreign trade.

Russia—with one-sixth of the earth's land surface and one-twelfth of its population—shakes our world merely by doing her own work. The tremors will be even more violent when Russia goes forth to take orders at world's fairs and elsewhere. For practical purposes, an altogether communist Russia is less dangerous in our economic world than a semi-capitalist Russia.

READING AROUND

Stitching a Heart

in the British News Review

ALMOST a year ago 23-year-old Harold Aldridge was rushed to St. James' Hospital, Balham, London, in a state of collapse. Some 20 minutes earlier he had been involved in a fight and stabbed. Diagnosing a perforated wound of the heart, surgeons decided to operate without delay.

Opening the lung covering they found a wound in the envelope which encloses the heart. When this was opened it was found to be so full of blood that the heart itself could not be seen.

Inserting his hand in the cavity one surgeon placed it under the heart and without interrupting its beating, gently levered it out. While he held the still-pulsing organ in his hand, the other deftly sewed up a three-quarter inch wound, prevented further loss of blood. Dropping the heart back into its envelope the surgeons were dismayed to see it again fill up with blood.

Once more the heart was hooked out, another wound discovered and repaired A blood transfusion was then given, and though for some weeks Aldridge's condition was critical, he finally rallied and made a complete recovery.

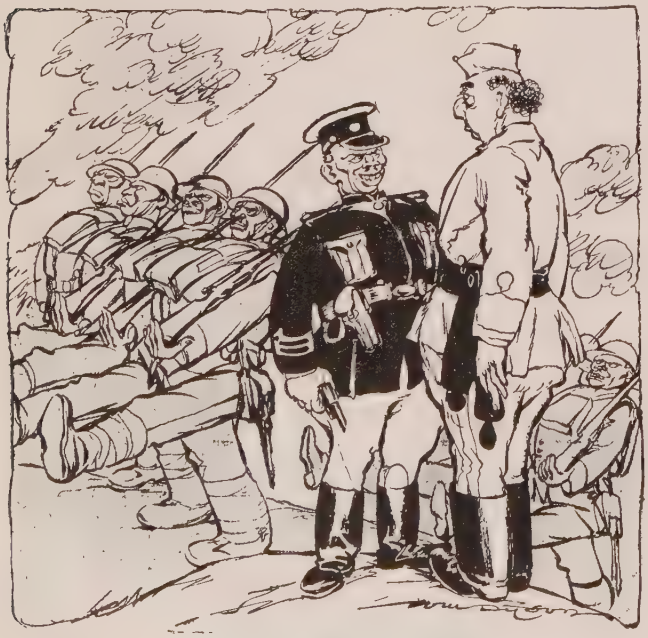
In his observations on the operation Dr. Gissane remarked that Aldridge's heart had felt rather similar to a lively fish being played at the end of a line. Proudly he drove his remarkable patient about with him, exhibited him in nearly every London hospital.

Two months ago Aldridge decided to marry, was once more carefully examined and found 100 per cent. fit.

Spanish War Lessons

by Captain Liddell Hart in Europe in Arms

THE development of the war in Spain is symptomatic of the general trend of modern warfare. This serves to blow away sentimental vaporings about the heroic virtues of war, utilized by militaristic nations in generating a warlike spirit among their people. It can no longer be claimed that war is, in common sense, any test of a people's fitness. Or even of their national strength. The most virile and most united people would not be able to withstand another, or even a mere party, inferior to it in all natural qualities if the latter had some decisively superior technical appliance. Fighting spirit itself is a factor of diminishing importance. There is even a prospect that a nation as such may be at the mercy of any gang of moral and physical degenerates which becomes possessed of such an appliance — a reflection that lends irony to the fact that nationalism is being so assiduously cultivated at the very time that science is undermining its foundations.



"And we, Honourable Franco, go to liberate China from the grip of the Chinese!"—*Daily Herald, London*

There is, however, another and better prospect, that an apparently weak and unmilitary country where scientific research proceeds under the fairest conditions may come on such a means. That possibility, which is becoming more likely, imparts instability to any warlike calculations, and may thus be a deterrent to any power which is inclined to venture on war on the basis of its own calculable military strength.

In general, the experience of the war in Spain has given cause for more encouragement than discouragement to peaceful peoples. While due allowance must be made for the small scale of the air forces engaged there relatively to that which a general European war would produce, and for the handicap of inadequate ground organization, it is justifiable to draw two provisional conclusions—first, that air bombing tends to follow the general course of experience with past weapons, and to prove less overwhelming in fulfilment than in anticipation, in practice than in theory; second, that while defense is not yet on equal terms with attack in the air, the deterrent influence of its presence is far more powerful than its actual effect, while the effect attained by the attack decreases disproportionately with the multiplication of defensive means.

On land, the experience of the war has strongly supported the evidence of the World War that the defense is paramount at present. (Random House, $2.50.)

How Old Is Aged?

by Elise Whitten in Leisure

IF YOU think that life is over at forty, fifty, or even sixty, you are mistaken. Madame Schumann-Heink made her debut on the screen at 74; May Robson is past 70; Laura Howe Richards is past 84 and writing children's literature; Selma Lagerlof wrote her best after 77. Dr. Charles F. Thwing, president-emeritus of Western Reserve University, of Cleveland, has completed two books the past year and just had his 83rd birthday. Coin Harvey, noted writer and lecturer of Monte Ne, Arkansas, was candidate for president on the Liberal ticket when 80. Still kept writing until his death a few months ago.

Luther Burbank could run a race, kick above his head and vault a high gate when 77. Asked why he was so nimble he said, "My body is no older than my mind, which is still adolescent. I am as inquisitive as a child. The mind makes the man."

Consider the late Justice Oliver Wendall Holmes, active till 90. His father wrote, "Over the Teacups" when 79. Tennyson wrote "Crossing the Bar" when 83; Cato the Censor learned Greek after

THE WORLD

Stitching a Heart	*British News Review*	20
Spanish War Lessons	*Europe in Arms*	20
How Old is Aged?	*Leisure*	20
Exploring for Profit	*The Rotarian*	21
Faces on $ $ $ $	*American Magazine*	21
Synthetic Sleep	*The New York Times*	22
Progressive Wreckage	*Herald-Tribune*	22
Levy, the Cossack	*Ogoniok, Moscow*	22
Job Philosophy	*Saturday Evening Post*	23
Flight to America	*Pravda*	23
Intellectual Revolt	*Ordeal in England*	24
Bird-Shy Cats	*Zoological Bulletin*	24
Three of a Kind	*World-Telegram*	24
Ban on Bareheads	*The Japan Advertiser*	25
Stalin Speaks	*Moscow 1937*	26

80 and lived to make good use of it; Verdi produced "Ave Maria" at 85; Titian was 98 when he painted the "Battle of Lepanto."

Exploring for Profit

by William La Varre in The Rotarian

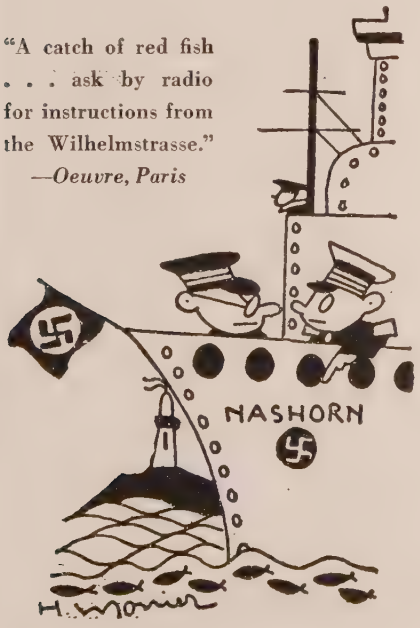
LET ME tell you of something you are going to hear much about, and which, at present, you haven't seen in any headline. The word you'll probably become familiar with is *nekku*. It is the name thousands of Indians who live in the north Amazon country have for a vine-like plant. They do not know anything about chemistry, but they know that this vine and its roots can be mashed up, that their juice can be washed out in a dammed-up jungle stream, and that all the fish in that part of the water will come up to the surface very dead. They know also that they can immediately cook the fish and eat them without becoming sick. I saw them do it, and marvelled that there was a poison which was strong enough to kill fish, but which wouldn't hurt fish eaters.

The more I thought about it, the more curious I became. So I brought a lot of nekku roots out of the jungle and had them analyzed and experimented with. We discovered something pretty interesting and valuable. The poison from the nekku root would kill fish and also any kind of insect or infectious pest. But people, dogs, birds could eat it without any harm.

Do you understand what that means? Has some vegetable from an arsenic-sprayed truck garden ever made you deathly ill? It has many thousands of people. And arsenic germicides have killed cattle and dogs, and would go on killing them if now Nature were not about to supply us with a new insecticide—from nekku roots.

I see many great plantations becoming rich as nekku estates. I see laws being enacted prohibiting the use of arsenic as an insecticide. And won't vegetable gardeners, dairy people, and fruit growers be glad of that! The economists talk greatly about overproduction, but what they don't know about the things which a man *could* produce, if he only knew the potential values in many plants which Nature has thus far kept secret! That's where the modern explorer comes in. The surface of the world is fairly well defined and known. But under the surface there are earth treasures awaiting the discoverer; and in the dense jungles of the known world are thousands of undiscovered ingredients.

"A catch of red fish . . . ask by radio for instructions from the Wilhelmstrasse."
—Oeuvre, Paris



Faces on $ $ $ $ $

by William H. Moran in The American Magazine

NOT long ago a merchant called on me at my office and presented a $10 Federal Reserve note for my inspection.

"The bank tells me this bill is counterfeit," he explained. "It looks all right to me, and I've been handling money a long time."

I merely glanced at it. "It's a perfectly good $1 note," I said, "not a ten at all. Ciphers have been added to the figure '1' with ink. Look here, now." I moistened the tip of my finger and drew it across a naught. "See there? It blurs."

"Well, what do you know about that?" exclaimed the merchant. "Pretty clever. But what amazes me is how you saw it so quickly. I thought I knew money, but I'll have to take some lessons."

"Lesson No. 1," I said, "is that a $1 note bears the portrait of George Washington. You, too, should have seen that. A $10 note bears the picture of Alexander Hamilton. Do you know whose picture is on a five?"

The merchant didn't. As a matter of fact, he didn't know anything about the money he had been handling all his life. He didn't know that a $20 note bears the portrait of Andrew Jackson; $50, General Grant; $100, Benjamin Franklin; $500, President McKinley; and $1,000, President Cleveland. . . . You might try this out among your friends.

Your average citizen will accept a coin with one blank face. These coins are counterfeited for slot machines, because one side of a coin is visible after it has been

The cotton farmer's life saver.—*Chicago Daily Times*

dropped in the slot. But they get into circulation and pass from hand to hand without detection.

In my years as clerk in the Secret Service division, as operative, assistant chief, and chief, I have constantly studied our currency, and for a long time my associates have considered me an expert. Seldom, however, has my expertness been necessary in determining the worth of a note. The average counterfeit can be detected by anybody. The chief thing is to know what is on a good note, and most people don't know that. If you want to protect yourself against bad money, study good money. Most counterfeits today are very bad imitations. The color, "feel," and imprint simply aren't right, and any man who has flattered a good note with scrutiny can tell the difference.

Synthetic Sleep

in The New York Times

THE new electric oscillator proposed by Professor John J. B. Morgan, of Northwestern University, to rock insomniacs to sleep on waves of sound is but one of several signs that science soon will free the wooers of reluctant sleep from tyranny of drugs. Professor Morgan's gadget sings softly like a radio loud speaker, but not a lullaby. Its song is one low-pitched tone, rising and falling in loudness about twenty times a minute. Thousands of years ago singers of folk lullabies hit by experience on this same device of a monotone rising, falling and repeating in equally monotonous rhythm. According to Professor Morgan, the rhythm does the trick.

Progressive Wreckage

by Walter Lippman in the New York Herald-Tribune

THE amateur progressives who have been riding high, wide and handsome for the last two or three years have been determined to believe that the logical objective of their efforts was a political party combining class-conscious farmers with class-conscious industrial workers. It is sheer delusion. But being possessed by this delusion they have been unable to think straight, and have proceeded to make one gigantic blunder after another.

The plain fact of the matter is that when farmers go into politics they naturally seek to raise the cost of living and to make raw materials more expensive; and when labor goes into politics it naturally does things which make more costly the things which the farmer buys. The idea that the same government can at one and the same time raise farm prices artificially and raise wages artificially would never be entertained by any competent student of politics.

But because the dominant New Dealers are under the hallucination that they are creating a farmer-labor party, they have renounced the effort, difficult enough in all conscience, to play the part of the firm, friendly but impartial judge of conflicting interests. It has been a tragic blunder. It may discredit not only them but the cause of progressivism that they lead so earnestly but so unwisely.

Mr. Farley delivers the groceries.—*New York Herald-Tribune*

The resplendent messiahs who buzz around the White House have managed to alienate the farm bloc, the A. F. of L., the C. I. O., the bulk of the employers, and virtually the whole middle class.

It was indeed high time when Mr. Garner took charge and became what is in effect the political receiver of an administration that has all but wrecked itself by its own wholly unnecessary blundering. By all ordinary standards the Roosevelt Administration ought to be more popular than ever: it is administering the government on a rising tide of prosperity. But it is in serious trouble, and the reason it is in serious trouble is that Mr. Roosevelt has been persuaded that he is the leader of a peaceable social revolution and, therefore, the partisan of certain interests as against other interests. This idea has caused him to cease to act the true role of an American President, which is to be the adjuster and conciliator of opposing interests and the vigilant guardian of liberty under the law of the land.

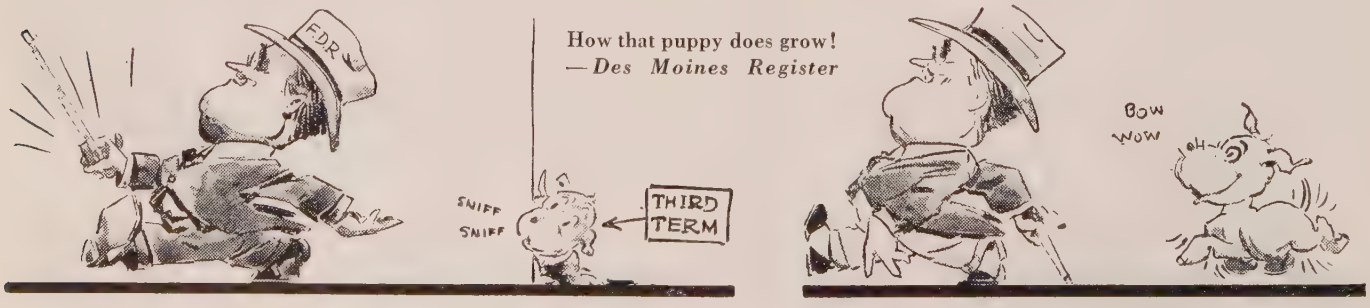
That is what is dissolving his power. The sensational decline in his prestige and his popularity can, I feel certain, be ascribed directly to the growing realization among the people that Mr. Roosevelt, in his second term, did not choose to conceive the Presidency as they expect him to conceive it.

Levy, the Cossack

in Ogoniok, Moscow

A YEAR ago, a large Jewish collective farm in the Don Cossack country signed an agreement for socialist competition with a neighboring Cossack village to see who would raise the biggest crops. One bright, sunny day this year, a delegation of Cossacks came over to the Jewish farm to check the results.

The main buildings were ornamented with banners, posters and slogans calling for friendship and cooperation. The new friends walked together along the fields and farmhouses on a tour of inspection.



How that puppy does grow!
—*Des Moines Register*

Inventory—first year.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

The Cossacks particularly admired the Jewish cheese factory and decided it would not hurt them to start one themselves.

But it was on the second day of the festival that the big moment came. The Jewish farmers staged a fine exhibition of horsemanship. After it was over exclamations such as "This is indeed a happy occasion!" and "You are our kinsmen!" came from the visitors.

As one of the Cossacks said later: "We really began to trust them when we realized that those Jews could ride!"

Levy, Kalmanovich and others of the best Jewish horsemen are now entered on the rolls of the Cossack village. They have received the honorary title of Soviet Cossacks.

Job Philosophy

by Loire Brophy in The Saturday Evening Post

"WHAT experience have you had?"

"No experience, but——"

"Sorry, but we simply do not take on inexperienced people here."

"Well, it's the same old story; it's what I hear everywhere. But will you please tell me this: How can I possibly get experience at writing advertising copy when all of the people who hire men to write advertising copy refuse to hire any man who has no experience at it?"

"I'm sorry again, but until now nobody has found the answer to that question, and people have been asking it for a long time."

The people who have come to me looking for jobs they wanted, instead of the jobs they had, have provided the answer.

Here it is:

You get the experience necessary for your second job, the most important job, in your first job, whatever it is, provided you apply intelligent direction in getting experience.

I personally have known a man who gained the experience necessary for a job as a crack advertising copy writer by selling washing machines from door to door. Work in a country store can provide experience that leads to high places in business, as a number of big executives have proved.

Out of a buccaneering, self-made past has come the tradition that the route to success is along the office-boy-to-president highway. "Get into the right organization, my boy; start at the bottom, work hard," and so on, and so on. Good advice—except that frequently it will not work in the grown-up industrial world that is America today. During the depression, many young men took "anything I can get," and many young men must take anything they can get today. But there is no "must" about keeping what they have taken; they would not be worth-while young men if they did keep jobs in which they were unhappy. I am convinced that a man takes a bite out of the world, he cuts his teeth on the world, with his first job. He carves his course with the second, provided he uses intelligent direction in approaching it. He studies business fields in which he is likely to go places as well as those likely to take him places.

Flight to America

by G. Baidukov in Pravda

WE HAD been flying fourteen hours since we left Moscow. At 2.25 P.M. I took the navigator's watch and Beliakov went to the sleeping quarters. His long legs hardly fitted in the small bunk, and the clumsy boots stuck out from behind the radio apparatus. He fell asleep at once.

In the cabin it grew dark swiftly. The promised cyclone was approaching. Chkalov changed his course sharply to the right in order to fly along the dark cloud-wall. But the clouds crept around and wrapped the plane in a feather-bed of mist.

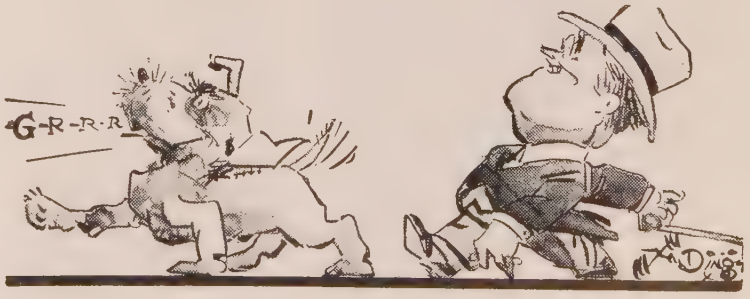
At 5 P.M. he asked to be relieved. The pilot's seat and, of course, blind flying awaited me. I began to pilot the plane. Seemingly cut off from the world the ANT-25 moved calmly ahead.

But the very first minutes bitterly disappointed us. Translucent, white ice began to form on the front parts of the plane. I opened wide the tap of the anti-freezing device and succeeded in stopping the vibrations of the propeller. But the plane, the stabilizer, and the antenna became instantly covered with ice, and there was nothing we could do to clean them.

No one can understand what we pilots feel at such a moment. It's fearful to think that your plane will suddenly change into an icicle, and you will have to submit to the blind forces of nature. We don't surrender. Full speed ahead. The motor functions evenly; we rise higher, and then—oh, joy—at 4,150 meters we rise above the clouds.

Again the strain has subsided but fatigue begins to tell. Fearing to fall asleep at the wheel I ask for my pipe and it keeps me awake although it has a bad effect on the organism. An hour passes but the plane cannot escape the formation of ice. The frame of the radio bearings and the edges of the plane look as if they had just been painted with white lead. An ice crust up to one and a half centimeters thick has been formed on them. That's the Arctic for you! Just think of what the humidity must be to form ice in ten or twelve minutes at a temperature of 24° below zero Centigrade. Well, this is another lesson for us.

Sixty-two hours after the start of our



Protection for the farmer:—"And that over there—is that wheat?" "No indeed! That is the National Guard."—*L'Echo de Paris*

flight, we are flying over America. We can hardly believe that we must soon prepare to land. But simple arithmetic shows that our fuel tanks are almost empty.

We decided to turn back to Portland. The course is to the North and we are again in the radio-beam. It is so easy to fly by it that I do not mind my ten hours at the wheel. Portland has no military airfield, so we fly a little further on to Vancouver Here is the landing field. I turn off the motor and the monoplane, lightened by the loss of several tons of fuel, glides slowly to a stop.

A crowd swiftly gathers. I open the cabin door and jump down to the ground. Solid earth again!

A new route linking two worlds across the Arctic has been opened by Soviet airmen.

Intellectual Revolt

by Philip Gibbs in Ordeal in England

THESE young intellectual Communists are not to be taken too seriously although they are influencing other minds, especially if they become schoolmasters and writers after college days.

What is the lure to them in this creed which, in every country where it works, leads to civil strife, murder, and all cruelties? Is it due to a twisted morality in their minds? Is it some subtle poison of the brain? I think that among the younger intellectuals it is due to generous instincts—hatred of injustice, pity for the underdog, impatience with the slowness of social reform under parliamentary government, and disgust with the insincerities of the political game.

That emotion of sympathy with the down-and-outs, or the populations of the distressed areas, overwhelms their judgment and their sense of proportion. Because half a million people or so are living in poor social conditions in this country, they see red, and are willing indeed to drag down forty-eight and a half million people to the same equality of squalor.

Other voices call to the young intellectuals of our universities. How is it, they ask, that there are so many anxieties pressing down on individual lives? There is no sense of security, no certainty of getting a job, even if an underpaid job. How can a man fulfil his life as nature intended? Where is his mate? How can he afford the luxury of love? He is shabby, overworked, uneasy in his mind, out of tune with life itself. Perhaps Marxism makes things easier, he thinks. In return for service to the state a man gets his food, clothes, amusements, and lodging. No nagging landladies demanding arrears for lodgings. No class distinction of dress and snobbishness. No sense of insecurity. Free love, even if there is no free speech. A level of equality with one's fellows, without the damned injustice of prodigious wealth garnered into a few hands, the manipulators of money, the Merchants of Death, the jugglers with bears and bulls.

This Capitalism? "Oh God!" cries the young intellectual who doesn't believe in a deity but feels very moody on a Monday morning or inflamed with intellectual fervor on a Saturday night after three cocktails in another fellow's rooms. (Doubleday Doran and Co., $3.00.)

Bird-Shy Cats

in the Bulletin of the New York Zoological Society

THE State Ornithologist of Massachusetts broadcast a questionnaire to determine if any cat had ever been known that would not kill birds. Almost alone in the nationwide survey stood the four cats in the Bird House of the New York Zoological Park.

Distinguished by her deeds, requiring no formal name to set her apart, is "The Cat" in the Bird House. Other cats there are—the Alley Cat that ranges the alleyway behind the macaw cages, and the Cellar Cats that do their mousing exclusively in the basement. But *the* cat is the cat in the quarantine room. Not only will she not kill birds, but The Cat displays actual embarrassment in the presence of any live, edible, small bird that may be at liberty in the quarantine room.

It is all a matter of training. When she was a kitten, imported as a mouser, she was taught carefully to distinguish between legitimate prey—mice and rats—and forbidden fruit: birds of any kind or condition. The training was simple. While one keeper held the kitten, another held a small bird and with its sharp beak pecked a few times at the kitten's nose. The lesson was direct and to the point, and as a kitten and later as a cat, The Cat has never forgotten it. To The Cat, the most helpless bird is something to be feared and avoided.

In the course of the years she has borne 54 kittens, most of which have passed some time in the Bird House before going on to homes elsewhere. By some mystery of communication she has taught her kittens the lesson that she learned in infancy, and they also respected the birds in their charge. Whether they, too, in the outside world, taught *their* kittens the inviolability of birds is an interesting speculation, but of doubtful conclusion.

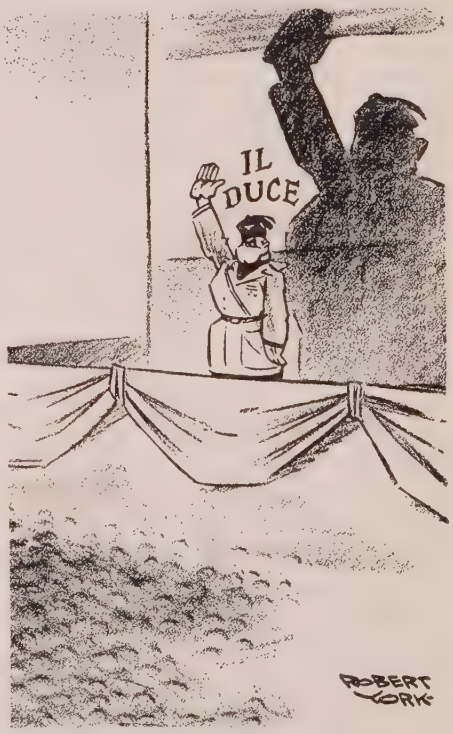
Three of a Kind

by Westbrook Pegler in the New York World-Telegram

IT would simplify matters in our resistance to that formless and somewhat exaggerated menace known to the trade as subversive alien influences if we should consolidate those two influences—Communism and Fascism—and treat them as one and the same thing. In practical effect they are the same.

Nazism, of course, is merely a German imitation of Fascism, with certain special features suited to the spiritual peculiarities of the Germans. Hitler copied Mussolini's blackhand method of organization, which Mussolini borrowed from the Sicilian terrorists, and the Nazi salute is exactly the same as the Italian gesture, except that the Germans are rather shamefaced about it and have reduced it to a perfunctory flip of the hand.

The Nazis differ from the Fascists in one important respect, and this difference makes them almost identical with the Communists, whom they affect to detest. The Fascists protect the Christian religion as a matter of practical politics, but the Nazis are anti-Christian and, in spots,



"I only regret that I have but forty million lives to lose for my country."—*Louisville Times*

aggressive pagan. The Russian Communists have no god, unless it be the mummy of Lenin, and they suppress all religious tendencies.

But so far as government and human rights and property rights are concerned Communism, Fascism and Nazism are all alike and all enemies of the American ideal of democracy. Hitler does business and enjoys great prestige with his people as the arch-enemy of Communism, but if he and Mussolini were to get together with Stalin of Russia in an honest meeting they would find that they have no quarrel at all. They all believe in the same things and use the same methods. Mussolini is no more religious than Hitler or Stalin, was not married until late in life, and married then only for political reasons.

Communism, Fascism and Nazism forbid freedom of thought, speech and the press. They forbid labor to organize; they have no Parliament; they do not permit the people to vote; they suppress opposition in thought, word and deed by execution or exile, and private property does not exist. Mussolini and Hitler started out to suppress Communism, but each suppressive measure that they adopted was taken from the enemy, and they have only succeeded in imitating the common foe. Now they are all the common enemy of democracy, all alike, and divided only by rivalries.

Ban on Bareheads

in The Japan Advertiser

CHINESE schoolgirls must wear hats in future, says a decree issued by the Nanking Government in response to a petition submitted by the wife of Wang Ching-wei, veteran Kuomintang leader.

Mrs. Wang urged that, according to the Chinese code of propriety, it is indecent for young women to go bareheaded in the street. The Ministry of Education has therefore been instructed to design special headgear for schoolgirls to wear as part of their uniform. At present hats are scarcely ever worn by Chinese women. Girl Scouts, who wear regulation felt hats are one of the few exceptions to the rule.

Stalin Speaks

by Lion Feuchtwanger in Moscow 1937

WHEN I saw Stalin, the proceedings against Zinoviev and Kamenev were over; the accused had been condemned and shot, and an action against the second Trotsky group, Radek and others, was pending.

It was during this interval, then, between the two suits, that I saw Stalin. His portraits give the impression that Stalin is big, broad, and commanding. Actually he is, on the contrary, small and slightly built. He seemed, as it were, lost in the vast room of the Kremlin in which I found him.

Stalin speaks slowly, in a low rather colorless voice. He has no liking for short, excited questions, answers, and interruptions, but prefers to string together slow, considered sentences. He walks up and down while he is speaking, then suddenly approaches you, pointing a finger of his beautiful hand, expounding, didactic; or, while he is forming his considered sentences, he draws arabesques and figures on a sheet of paper with a blue and red pencil.

Stalin speaks without embellishments and, moreover, can express complicated thoughts simply. Often he speaks too simply, accustomed as he is to formulating his thoughts so that they will be understood from Moscow to Vladivostok. He has perhaps no wit, but he most certainly has humor; and his humor can be dangerous. Now and again he laughs a soft, dull, sly laugh. He is at home in many spheres and he quotes names, dates, and facts accurately from memory.

He became excited when we talked of the Trotskyist trials and spoke in detail of the charges against Pyatakov and Radek, the substance of which was not at the time public property.

He spoke of the panic which the Fascist danger aroused in people who could not think to a logical conclusion. I referred to the harmful effect which the all too simple conduct of the trials had had abroad, even among well-wishers. Stalin laughed a little at those who demanded many written documents before they believed in a conspiracy; practised conspirators, he said, were not in the habit of leaving their documents lying around for all to see. Finally, he spoke bitterly and with feeling of the writer Radek, the most popular of the men involved in the second Trotskyist trial. He described his friendly relations with the man.

He mentioned a long letter which Radek had written to him and in which he protested his innocence on many unconvincing grounds. The very next day under pressure of witnesses and circumstantial evidence, he had confessed. (Viking, $2.00)

CARTOON OF THE WEEK—The "Good" Earth!—*New York World-Telegram*

MOVIE of the WEEK

1. RESPECTABILITY — Stella Dallas, devoted wife and mother

2. PART WAY TO POT—Daughter is her all, but she likes her drunk

3. DEFIANCE—Stella's attempt to be a society girl's mother

ALSO—

High, Wide and Handsome (Paramount)—Operetta. Portrays rise of the oil industry—supposedly. Actually glorified Western transplanted to Pennsylvania. Acting: exaggerated. Plot: confused, somewhat silly. Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, dozen feature players, thousands of extras, some elephants and the kitchen stove. Jerome Kern music.

You Can't Have Everything (20th Century)—Lavish musical. Backstage romance ties up slapstick acts and production numbers. For fans of: Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Ritz Brothers and/or Louise Hovick (alias Gypsy Rose Lee) dressed.

San Quentin (Warner)—Prison melodrama. Café singer loves official of jail where her brother is a convict. Prison routine interesting, particularly San Quentin scenes. Plot weak. Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart.

Stella Dallas

MOTHER LOVE is here again—tear-jerking, soul-scourging, sacrificial mother love. For this is *Stella Dallas* (sound film remake) by *Stella Dallas* (1925 silent) out of *Stella Dallas* (Olive Higgins Prouty novel). It begins to look as though we were in for a long breed of Stellae, each marking its own peculiar cinematic epoch.

The current offspring closely resembles its celluloid parent. Modernized in certain details, it still sheds the aroma of the heirloom dusted off and brought down to the mantelpiece from Grandma's attic. You can't teach an old tale new tricks. Sam Goldwyn, who made the first *Stella*, apparently realized this when he decided to do it over again. It begins in the same place, travels the same course, ends in the same way. Unfortunately, Goldwyn failed to follow his wise thought throughout. He pushes the time of the action up to the present with the result that he now has a perfectly logical pre-war theme incongruously unfurling in the Twenties and Thirties.

As long as there are practising or potential mothers, however, such criticism will only be called carping. *Stella Dallas* is what the trade calls a box-office k.o.

4. REALIZATION—She just heard her daughter's friends mock her

5. SACRIFICE—She frees her daughter by turning tough

The story is the one about the millhand's daughter who marries the millionaire but can't make the social grade. He leaves her a couple of years later to wallow alone in her various vulgarities. Alone—except for her daughter, Laurel, on whom she showers the love and devotion of a saint. Otherwise she is a selfish climber with excruciating manners and taste. Finally she makes the supreme sacrifice of sending Laurel to live with her father.

Those deep-dyed cads who refuse to yank out handkerchiefs during the scenes when eye-wiping is indicated may just possibly detect a phoney note. Somehow it is hard to imagine a 1937 Miss shocked by her mother smoking. It is equally hard to imagine a 1937 mother, no matter what gutter she hails from, going to Stella's extremes in coiffure and dress. In these days when strikers drive their own cars to the picket lines and take their silk-stockinged wives to the movies once a week, Stella seems a burlesque of the woman who can't adapt herself.

The film has unqualified merit, however, in acting, production and direction. Barbara Stanwyck replaces the late Belle Bennett as Stella. People will long remember the birthday party and Pullman car scenes in which Stella realizes her vulgarity is ostracizing her daughter. Stella, in the Stanwyck hands, falls into the Juliet-Hedda Gabler-Candida class: a "must" roles for serious actresses.

Anne Shirley's interpretation of Laurel is similarly breath-taking. Her performance as the daughter who can't help noticing her mother's dreadful conduct is shy and poignant. Lois Moran sky-rocketed to fame via the previous screen Laurel. Anne Shirley's Laurel is finer.

The rest of the cast does notable work, each striking his respective note sharply.

—Donita Ferguson

6. REWARD—Alone, unseen, curlless, she peeks at daughter's wedding

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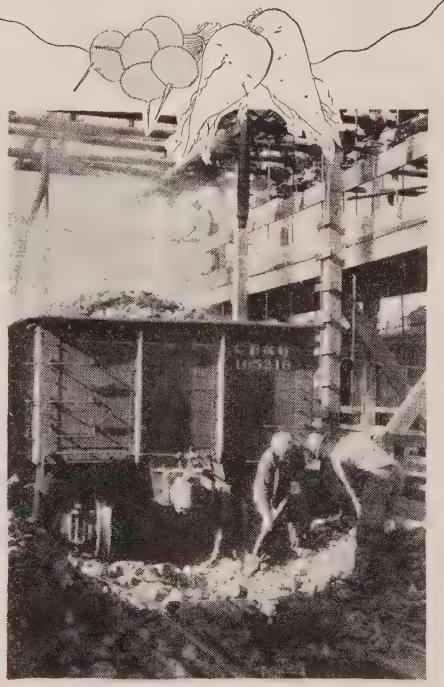
The sugar beet is an ancient weed that made good in a modern world. Basically, it is a sea-shore plant carried by ocean waves from the Mediterranean to the North Sea—yet it thrives today on "The Great American Desert." It is a lowly plant, yet France erected a triumphal arch to it. It is a vegetable, yet its principal product, sugar, contains no vegetable matter. It is grown to supply you with sugar, yet it also supplies you with meat.



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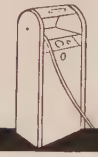

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MUSICAL HORIZON

Music for the Young

THIS is the time of the year when parents begin to ask "How early should I start my child on music?" The answer is "Right away." For there is no child so young that he cannot at least acquire the listening habit from the very outset of his life.

People are talking seriously about various tests for children and adults to determine whether they have any musical ability, and how far they should be encouraged in their ambitions. Actually it seems incredible that any parent should fail to discover unusual musical ability in a child long before it reaches the age of seven or eight, when these tests are recommended, for children of genius or extraordinary talent have generally given clear indication of their gifts by the time they were three or four years old. If they fall below that class, they can still be encouraged to express themselves musically and become good listeners, with no thought of a professional career.

Curiously enough, the average parent has never grasped the essential analogy between music and language in general. From its earliest days a child hears its own language spoken, perhaps in the maudlin distortions of baby-talk, but still intelligibly. Long before it can speak, the sound and meaning of words have become familiar, and by the time the child is ready to go to school, it has both a working vocabulary of its own and a fairly wide acquaintance with the speech of others. The teacher can count on this articulateness and receptiveness, and proceed to build on these foundations the gradual knowledge of reading, writing, and spelling.

But musically most children are left completely inarticulate and unreceptive until they are sent to a music-teacher, who is told to pour into them a technical and accurate knowledge of an art and a language which has thus far been totally unintelligible to them and entirely outside of their experience.

If parents would begin to acquaint their children with the language of music at the same time and in the same ways that they are developing familiarity with actual language, that is, by ear, the eventual work of the music-teacher would become far simpler. It can be done either

REHEARSAL of a 1500 piece children's orchestra in Los Angeles, a branch of The Junior Musicians of America, who number 50,000

PHOTO FROM ACME

through phonograph records and the careful selection of radio material, or by personal performance on the part of the parents.

By the time the child has arrived at the age of talking and walking, the game of music may have developed into a fascinating pursuit for parent and offspring alike, and long before the school age is reached, any question of unusual talent or future possibilities can be cleared up, without requiring a special test. Incidentally, the National Child Study Association distributes a practical booklet containing specific suggestions of music that will interest a child at various ages, all available on phonograph records.

Music Lessons on the Radio

Some of our broadcasters are beginning to discover a way of simplifying the formal complexities of music in a highly entertaining fashion. The trick is to take a well known melody and develop it with all the technique of a serious composition. Since the tune is already familiar, the average listener has little difficulty in following it through various elaborations.

Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, has applied the old art of improvisation in this way, taking such obvious themes as *London Bridge is Falling Down* and making them sound like real music. André Kostelanetz is achieving even more impressive effects orchestrally, but also with basically simple materials. Fray and Bragiotti showed the way on their two pianos, and are still the masters of the satirical touch. If radio continues to give such practical and amusing lessons in musical form, a generation of educated music-lovers may not be so far distant after all.

Let's Look at the Records

The newest gadget for making musical education painless is a species of phonograph known as Translaphon, whereby all guess-work is eliminated, making it easy for anyone to find the start and finish of any theme or passage on a standard disc. A special library of educational material is being prepared for the new instrument by Silver, Burdette & Co., with a volume on symphonic melodies. The old English *Dear, Dear What Can the Matter be?* gets a modern interpretation from Irving Mills and his "Swyngphonic Orchestra," and Red Nicholas takes a hot shot at *Love's Old Sweet Song*. Kostelanetz has recorded his fox-trot arrangements of *Mary had a Little Lamb* and *Good-Night, Ladies,* while Edgar Fairchild (born Susskind) shows how some of the current hits can be made attractive on the piano.

For lovers of great singing, the new set of Kirsten Flagstad's records can be recommended. She is at her best in the Norwegian songs of Grieg, particularly the popular Swan and *Im Kahne*. The entire set of five discs is a distinct improvement on the soprano's earlier operatic recordings.—*Sigmund Spaeth*

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SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

Spots on the sun

THE SUN'S robe of flame is rent, these days, and its amber brilliance is spotted, perhaps as never before. Vast chains of wildly swirling cyclones, which we call "sunspots," are sweeping around the sun's huge girth.

Storm-spots in a cluster covering almost four billion square miles have just been noted—gigantic enough to be seen by any eye naked except for a dark glass to cut glare. Two of these spots are among the largest in heavenly annals. Each is some 50,000 miles in diameter, able to engulf many a little earth. They may subside while on the other side of the sun. But, on the other hand, they may this week drift into view again and cross the disk once more from left to right.

Two greater clusters have appeared: one in February, 1917; and one, the greatest known, in January, 1926.

But the present turmoil on the sun is increasing, and still more violent outbursts are prophesied. Prophecy is possible since solar activity is cyclic—heaving to a maximum *approximately* every 11½ years. A cycle of waxing and waning disturbance was once completed in 7 1/3 years; once after 17 years. The approaching maximum will be reached early in 1938—not quite ten years after the last one, in May, 1928.

No one knows the cause of this rhythmic production of spots. The spot is a whirl wherein hot gases are blasted upward from the interior, to spiral like a tornado in the photosphere, the sun's visible surface. Pressure is less at the solar surface. Hence these gases expand, and thereby are made cooler—and less luminous. Thousands of times brighter than the full moon, and at a temperature of 7000 degrees Fahrenheit, the storm-spot seems black against its hotter, more brilliant background.

Spots vary widely in shape but tend toward roundness. They also vary widely in size. The smallest detectable has a diameter of a mere 300 miles. The biggest may span 60,000 miles. Usually they do not endure long, vanishing in one or two weeks. During 1840-1841, however, a record longevity of eighteen months was established by one twister.

Strange it is that spots burst forth within a certain equatorial belt, rarely in solar latitudes beyond 40° North or 40° South. Even within this belt, at the time of sunspot minimum, the sun may be immaculate for weeks on end. Yet more than a thousand spots may appear within a year. During the maximum of 1893, 1464 spots showed up; during the minimum of 1901, a mere 29. These tornadoes generally arise in clusters—to travel in august procession, rotating with the sun. Passing out of sight around the western rim, the procession reappears if it lasts out the fortnight required to wheel with the sun through a half-circle.

Electric and magnetic blasts accompany the gaseous riots—and pierce the 93,000,000-mile gap to the earth. The recent storms shot mighty beams of electrons—negative electricity—upon the upper air of the earth. Air molecules exploded in excitement and their specks shimmered in auroral glows unsurpassed in beauty—especially memorable in the night sky over Niagara's gorge.

Such hurtling electricity also induces magnetic surges which interrupt electric communication of men: radio, and long-distance telegraph and telephone. The magnetic compass quivers and becomes useless.

Some scientists claim, further, that weather is affected, that next year will be rainy. The economist Jevons was confident that lean and fat years—depressions and booms—repeat because of solar repetition. Insect plagues, human suicides, mass-suicides in war, these too are blamed on our sun's throbbing. Yet true experts are skeptical.

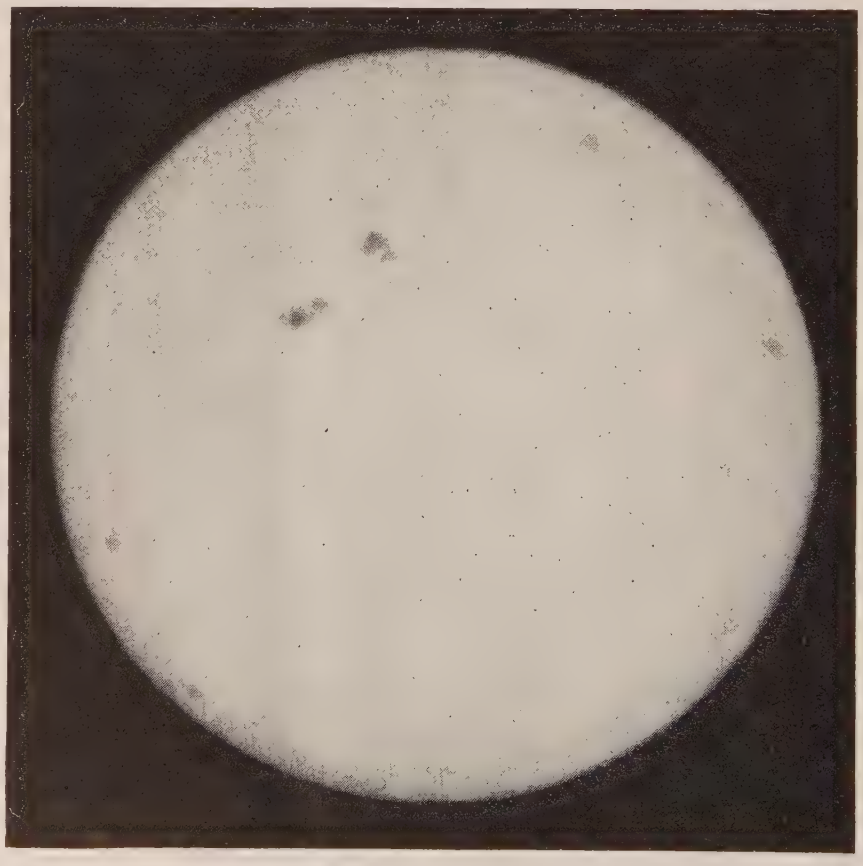
We grow older

STATISTICIANS and other students of population are pointing out interesting and important probabilities. The birthrate in the United States—now 17 babies each year per 1000 population—will almost certainly continue its present decline. Within the next generation it should sink to an even balance with the death rate. For 1937, our death rate will be about 10 per 1000.

Top figure for this nation's population probably will be 150,000,000, attained perhaps as soon as 1960. Afterward it should shrink slightly. Even now there are empty benches in lower grades of public schools once overcrowded. Birth control is having its effect.

Present increase in our average expectation of life will also persist, thanks to medical advance. From about 40 years in 1900, expectation of life has risen already to above 60 years. We are becoming a nation of older people.

PHOTO FROM HAYDEN PLANETARIUM



SUNSPOTS, fully six times the earth's diameter, are now visible to the eye when protected by a dark glass. Two of them are among the largest in solar annals

BUSINESS

Airplane transport

AT SANTA MONICA, California, in the Douglas Aircraft Company plant, a huge, four-engined, low-wing airliner is taking shape. When completed—possibly late this year, probably early next—the plane will carry forty passengers, will sleep half as many.

For airplane passengers the ship will provide a new high in luxurious travel. For airplane companies it is hoped that it will end the costly experimenting engaged in during the last four years.

Obsolescence is a major factor in the cost of operating an air line. A plane usually lasts three years. Lately, however, transport companies have scrapped old equipment for new the moment each new gadget appeared on the horizon.

In an effort to end costly replacements —and to provide the ultimate in plane perfection as well—five of the seven large American transport companies (Pan American, United, American, Eastern, and TWA) formed a pool at the suggestion of W. A. Patterson, president of United Air Lines, to finance building the new Douglas airliner. Thus far the ship has cost the companies $500,000. Completed cost may reach $1,000,000. Once accepted as standard equipment by transport companies, ships of similar design will average only $250,000 each.

Commercial aviation today is definitely big business. Comparisons between 1937 and a decade ago, made by the Bureau of Air Commerce, show the extent to which it has grown. In 1927 there were 128 airplanes in operation, valued at $1,800,000. Today there are 380, whose worth is estimated at $15,200,000. Ten years ago 8,679 passengers and 45,800 pounds of freight were flown by commercial airlines. In 1936 they flew 1,147,969 passengers and 8,350,000 pounds of freight.

Of the twenty-five commercial transport companies in operation flying an average 200,000 miles daily, three of them—United Air Lines, American Air Lines, and Transcontinental and Western Air—are transcontinental operators, flying between east and west coasts. Together these three account for more than 70 per cent of the industry's passenger revenue. Eastern Air Lines (New York to Miami), Northwest Airlines (Chicago to Seattle), and Braniff Air Lines (Chicago to Dallas) round out our major transport companies.

Pan American Airways System has the most extensive route of any American transport company, though it operates entirely outside the United States. It encompasses Los Angeles, South America, China, and Alaska, and plans are under way for Atlantic ocean passenger service.

Air mail formerly provided the chief revenues to transport companies. Today mail cargo forms but 30 cents of the major transport companies' revenue dollar, with 60 cents coming from passenger fares and 5 cents from freight.

In June the transport companies flew 41,180,337 revenue passenger miles (one passenger flown one mile equals one passenger revenue mile), a new record.

The greatest use that passengers make of airlines is from New York to Chicago (four and a half hours), New York to Los Angeles (seventeen hours), Los Angeles to San Francisco (two hours), New York to Boston (ninety minutes), New York to Washington (eighty minutes).

Airplane fares average about one and a half times railroad day-coach rates.

Air freight has made consistent gains since it started in 1929. In that year 45,859 pounds were flown. By 1936 freight had jumped to 8,350,000 pounds; and in June this year it made a further increase of 24.2 per cent over the same month last year.

Almost all transport companies handle freight through a percentage tie-up with Railway Express Agency, with the exception of Transcontinental and Western Air, which has its own freight agency, General Air Express. At an average rate of four cents per hundred miles, everything is carried, from false eyelashes, printed matter, and broadcast transcription records to newsphotos, jewelry, and liquor. One company even rushed fresh mother's milk from a woman visiting in the East to her ailing infant 3,000 miles away. One thing an airline recently balked at transporting: a 28-foot Python snake.

Corporate earnings

THREE weeks ago THE DIGEST surveyed seventy industrial companies which were most prompt to publish earnings.

Curious to know to what extent small companies share in better earnings, we have dug a little deeper.

Taking the last 50 companies to report half-year profits *above* $1,000,000 each, we find that their aggregate earnings jumped from 141 million dollars in 1936 to 232 million in 1937. It was a 65 per cent gain.

Taking the last 50 to report earnings *under* $1,000,000, the aggregate was 8.3 millions last year and 12.7 millions this year—a gain of 53 per cent.

Business has been good for smaller corporations; better for bigger ones.

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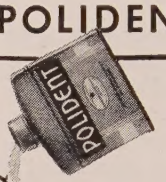

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Round One—The professor rapped on his desk and shouted: "Gentlemen—order!" The entire class yelled: "Beer!"—*Neal O'Hara in New York Post.*

Self-Control—Pat determined to pass his favorite tavern on his way home. As he approached it he became somewhat shaky, but, after plucking up courage, he passed it. Then after going about fifty yards, he turned, saying to himself: "Well done, Pat, me bye. Come back and I'll treat you."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Same Again—*Landlord* (to motorist who has been carried into his inn after an accident): "Yes, sir, you have had a very bad smash, but I managed to bring you to."

Motorist: "I don't remember. Do you mind bringing me two more?"—*Montreal Star.*

Life Is A Maize—*Baby Ear of Corn*: "Mama, where did I come from?"

Mama Ear of Corn: "Hush, dear; the stalk brought you."—*Penn State Froth.*

Proof—"Is that man rich?"

"Is he! He's so rich he doesn't know his son's in college."—*Sewanee Mountain Goat.*

Perfectly Plain—A cockney phoned to inquire the rate to Ealing, a suburb of London. The man at the other end of the line couldn't catch the name of the station, so in desperation he asked the cockney to spell it. Quickly came the reply: "E—for 'Erbert, A—wot the 'orses heat, L—w'ere yer goes w'en yer dies, I—wot yer sees wiv, N—wot lays a hegg, G—Gawd bless me. Get me?"—*Wall St. Journal.*

Feminine logic: "Just like your stupidity! If you find a wallet containing 100 lire it turns out to be the one you lost a week ago."—*Il Travaso, Rome*

The Economical Way — "Your wife needs a change," said the doctor. "Salt air will cure her."

The next time the physician called he found the Scotchman sitting by the bedside fanning his wife with a herring.

English Period Room—"Is that the English Department over there?"

"Yes, that is our chamber of commas."—*Drexel Drexerd.*

Author: "What impresses you most about my books?"
Critic: "That they are bought and apparently read."—*Holite Humour, London.*

Slanguage—Inspecting a pair of trousers in his shop in Athens, a tailor queried: "Euripides?"

Customer: "Yah; Eumenides."—*Lafayette Lyre.*

Bliss—*She*: "Married women wear wedding rings. Why don't married men wear something to distinguish them from single ones?"

He: "They do. Worried looks."—*Annapolis Log.*

Ow!—*Motorist* (to man he just ran over): "Hey, look out back there!"

Defeated Soul: "What's the matter, y'ain't comin' back, are ya?"—*Grit* (Sydney, Australia).

OR SO THEY SAY—

Young Fumitaka Konoye: "It may be impolite to say so, but father's speech as Japanese Premier failed to impress me. I expected more of him."

Winston Churchill: "If a German artist puts too much green in his sky, he is liable to be handed over to the Minister of Sterilization."

Jouett Shouse: "There are a lot of things going on in Europe."

Dr. J. M. O'Sullivan: "The German conception of being a new chosen people approximates more closely to the Jewish than the Christian outlook."

A. A. Milne: "Whatever its nationality, a defensive bayonet has the same unpleasant appearance as an aggressive one."

Dr. Lin Yu-Tang: "If you can spend a perfectly useless afternoon in a perfectly useless manner, you have learned how to live."

J. W. Eaton: "Germany cannot remain forever on tiptoe; she must either take off or come down again to earth."

Myrna Loy: "A wife cannot escape the competition of other women; but she shares the same privileges at the beauty parlor."

—CONTINUED FROM OTHER SIDE

the splendid pageant which has followed the course of the Nile.

Despite this vast and shifting scene of history, Ludwig's massive volume is not heavy with dates and places; it carries its cyclopedic knowledge lightly. Through it all the protagonist of the story remains clear. The Nile, mighty artery of life to land and people, flows majestically through the ages while humanity grubs and claws on its banks.

SOME TYPICAL OPINIONS

The Nile stands among the finest of Emil Ludwig's works for its sheer exuberance in descriptive passage, its wise weighing of historical factors, its recreation of famous scenes and its deep human sympathies.

—HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World Telegram*

Is based on a magnificent conception and, I think, develops it with extraordinary skill and passion. Few books that I have read of late have afforded me more solid pleasure.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN, *The New Yorker*

Beautifully written. . . . Should be on the shelf of every library.

—OLIN SNEED, *Atlanta Constitution*

This is a magnificent book. Like Gibbon he has often summarized in a paragraph the knowledge gained from many books.

—ALICE BEAL PARSONS, *The Nation*

Is not only one of the best things he has ever written but also one of the most richly rewarding of recent serious publications in any field.

—HERSCHEL BRICKELL, *N. Y. Evening Post*

What a river! What a life story! Neither the Ganges nor the Yangtse, the Amazon or our Mississippi carries such a flood of story with its water. . . . *The Nile* is, I think, Emil Ludwig's best book.

—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

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THERE is no reader of *The Digest* who will not find it in many ways to his advantage to subscribe to the Book-of-the-Month Club; and we make this offer to demonstrate that such is the case. What we propose is this: mail the inquiry postcard below, *and a copy of* THE NILE *will immediately be put aside in your name,* and held until we hear whether or not you care to join. In the meantime, a booklet will at once be sent to you outlining how the Club operates.

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As we follow the course of the Nile, originating in a primordial land of wild beauty and maturing amidst our ripest civilization, there arise before our eyes all the shadows of the past: an endless train of historical figures, the warring tribes, the strange races, that have desperately fought and struggled for existence along its shores. The river nurtures and sustains them all—"men of the mountains men of the marsh, Arabs, Christians and nibals, pygmies and giants."

Here is the story of Solomon and the Q of Sheba; of Alexander the Great; of Ptolemies; of Abyssinian slave markets Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra; of Stanl heroic discovery of Livingstone and the Co of Mehemet Ali and his murder in one da all the Mamelukes; of Bonaparte; of how dervishes cut down General Gordon; of romantic Colonel Marchand's trek through jungle; of Lord Kitchener—and countless o heroes, adventurers and madmen who mak

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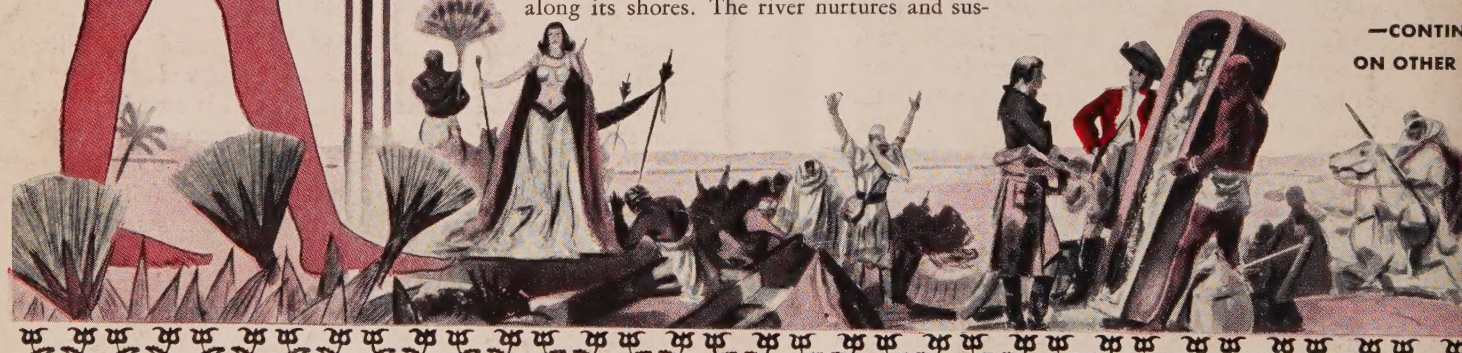

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